

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1883.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VI.



A "RUGA-RUGA," ONE OF
MIRAMBO'S PATRIOTS.

FOUR days after leaving Mtesa's capital we arrived at Dumo, and greeted the Expedition after an absence of three months and five days. Frank Pocock had enjoyed splendid health, and the soldiers showed by their robust forms that they had lived on the best, and that the Emperor's commands respecting them had not been neglected. A few days sufficed to re-form the Expedition, re-pack all loads, and to prepare the boat, which had now seen nearly nine months of rough service on Lake Victoria, for transport overland to Muta Nzigé. The *Livingstone* canoe was also taken to pieces, and made into portable loads for the journey. This canoe was 23 feet long, and was formed of four long planks and one keel-piece, sewn together with cane fibre, which formed light portable loads for seven men.

On the seventh day after my return to Dumo we began the march towards the general rendezvous of the exploring army on the Katonga River. The crossing of the Katonga consumed an entire day, and was effected by means of the *Lady Alice*, which had to be forced through the dense reeds. On the sixth day after

our arrival at Ruwewa we marched to Laugurwe, where we met—as couriers had pre-informed us—General Sambuzi, Mtesa's officer and guide, with a thousand men. In the afternoon I called to pay my respects to the general, for common-sense informed me that the best way of attaining the objects in view was to pay the utmost possible attention to the failings of this African general, and to observe all ceremony and politeness towards him.

As I entered the court, which had been constructed with a view to enhance his dignity, if space can be said to increase dignity, I observed that the general stood up from amongst his subordinates and stiffly maintained that position until I grasped him by the hand, when he managed to utter a faint greeting in response to mine. I was not altogether unprepared for this result of his promotion; still it chilled me, angered me a little, I must confess, and induced me to ask him if anything was wrong.

"No," he said, "nothing was wrong."

"Then, why are you so stiff with your friend?" I asked. "Do you not like the idea of going to Muta Nzigé? If you regret your appointment, I can apply for another man."

"My liking or not liking the journey will not alter the command of *Kabaka*," he replied. "I have received my commands to take you to Muta Nzigé, and I will take you there. Sambuzi, your friend at Uvuma, is changed now to Sambuzi the general. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "I have a few words to say in reply, and you will then understand me as well as I understand you. I wish to go to Muta Nzigé lake. So long as you take me there and do exactly as the Emperor has commanded you, you shall have as much honour and respect from me as though you were the Emperor himself." Sambuzi's force was twenty times stronger than mine, and was my only means of pushing through Unyoro. Prudence counselled me therefore not to let false pride be an obstacle to the accomplishment and success of the enterprise, and I determined to listen to its counsel.

Following our little army of 2,300 fighting men, there were about 500 women and children, giving a grand total of 2,800 souls.

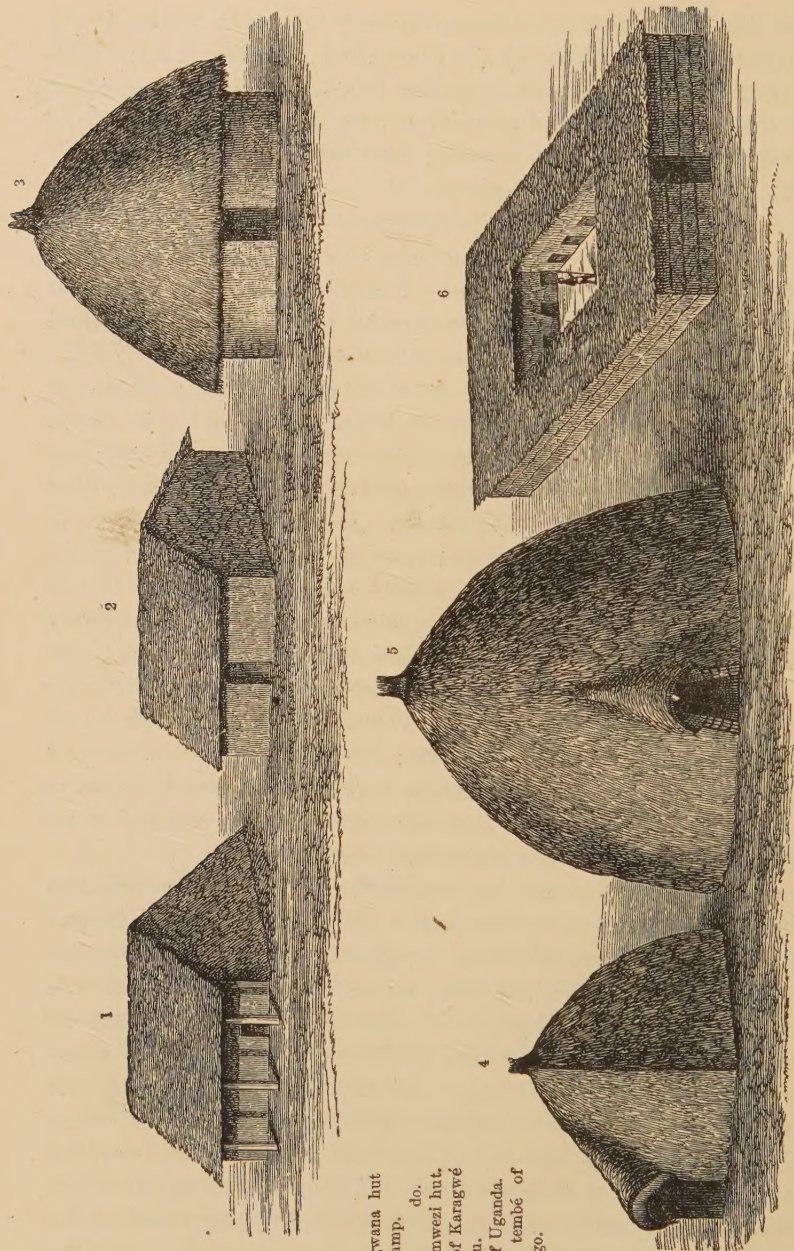
On New Year's Day, 1876, the exploring army filed out from under the plantain shades of Kawanga, each detachment under

the flag of its respective leader, and each known by the particular style of music adopted by the great chief to whom it owed martial service. Thus Sambuzi's own force could be distinguished at a great distance by a peculiar strain, which, as the Waganda explained, announced, "Mta-usa, Mta-usa is coming!" or, "The Spoiler, the Spoiler is coming!"

On emerging from under the shelter of our plantain-embowered camp, we were drawn up in a long line along the narrow road, and at sunrise the great drum of Sambuzi gave the signal for the march. On the 2nd we crossed the Nabwari River, and entered hostile Unyoro, and, undisturbed, made a march of ten miles, occupying at the end of it several villages. While in Uganda bananas formed our principal food—and very good, wholesome and digestible they proved; throughout Unyoro our diet consisted of sweet potatoes and salt, varied with such other vegetables as foraging could obtain. It was an amusing scene to see the haste with which the several detachments rushed about to dig up their rations. It appeared at first glance as if we had brought the exploring army to recultivate Unyoro, so thickly strewn and so busy were the diggers over the village fields. In the meantime our advance was unchecked. Sambuzi drew from this sinister auguries. "The Wanyoro," said he, "must be mustering elsewhere to oppose us; for usually, when we make a raid on this country, the natives hail us from the hill-tops to learn the motive of our coming; but now the country is all silent and deserted; not one native can be seen."

On the 9th January, the drums sounded for the march two hours before sunrise, for we had a long journey before us, and Uzimbi, the country of Chief Ruigi, was to be entered on this day. Soon after noon the main column arrived at the centre of a dip in the Uzimba ridge, 5,600 feet above the sea, whence, far below us, we viewed the fields, gardens, and villages of the populous country of King Ruigi. But the sudden advance of the vanguard amongst the surprised natives, with banners flying, and drums beating, had depopulated for a time the fair, smiling country, and left a clear open road for the main body. At night, however, the great war-drum of General Sambuzi revealed far and wide the character of the force, and announced that the Waganda were amongst them.

A council of all the chiefs and leaders of our Expedition was



1. Wangwana hut
in camp.
2. Do. do.
3. Unyamwezi hut.
4. Hut of Karagwé
Uddin.
5. Hut of Uganda.
6. Small tembé of
Ugogo.

HUTS OF EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

held next day, at which it was resolved to send out that night 200 men to capture a few prisoners, through whom we could communicate our intentions to Ruigi. As the lake was only four miles distant, it became necessary to know how we were regarded by the natives, and whether we might expect peaceful possession of a camp for a month or so. Some ten prisoners were captured, and, after receiving gifts of cloth and beads, were released, to convey the news to their respective chiefs that the Waganda had brought a white man, who wished to see the lake, and who asked permission to reside in peace in the country a few days; that the white man intended to pay for all food consumed by the strangers; that he would occupy no village, and injure no property, but would build his camp separate from the villages, into which the natives having food to sell were requested to bring it, and to receive payment in cloth, beads, brass, or copper, assured that, so long as they offered no cause of offence, and kept the peace, they should receive no annoyance. An answer, we said, was expected within two days.

On the 12th, an answer was brought that the inhabitants were not accustomed to strangers, and did not like our coming into their country; that our words were good, but our purposes, they were assured, were not the less wicked; and that we must, therefore, expect war on the morrow. This answer was brought by about 300 natives, who, while they delivered their message, were observed to have taken precautions not to be caught at a disadvantage. Having announced their object, they withdrew. This declaration of war unsettled the nerves of the Waganda chiefs, principally the inferior chiefs and the bodyguard of Mtesa, and a stormy meeting was the result.

The danger of a panic was imminent, when I begged that Sambuzi would listen to a few words from me. I explained to him that, though we were only a bullet's flight from the Nyanza, we had not yet seen the lake, and that Mtesa had ordered him to take me to the Nyanza; that, before we had even looked for a strong camp, we were talking of returning; that, if they were all resolved to return, I required them to give me two days only, at the end of which I would give them a letter to Mtesa, which would absolve them from all blame. Large numbers of natives, posted on the summit of every hill around us, added to the fear which took possession of the minds of the Waganda, and rumours

were spread about by malicious men of an enormous force advancing for the next day's fight. The members of the Expedition even caught the panic, and prepared in silence to follow the Waganda, as common-sense informed them that, if a force of over 2,000 fighting men did not consider itself strong enough to maintain its position, our Expedition consisting of 180 men could by no means do so.

At 5 p.m. a messenger from Sambuzi called me to a council, at which all of his chief men were present, to discuss what advantages we possessed for offence and defence, for meeting the danger, or for flight. Sambuzi asked me to speak. Wrath almost choked my speech. However, I summoned up my patience, and said: "I do not see much use in my saying anything, because I know you will act against all advice I can give. As your friend, I advise you to stay here two days, while I fix the boat and canoe. At the end of two days I will write a letter to Mtesa, which will absolve you from all blame. There is no great danger in staying a couple of days, but in returning to Uganda without my letter you go to certain death. I have spoken."

After a little pause, Sambuzi said: "Stamlee, you are my friend, the Emperor's friend, and I want to do my duty towards you as well as I am able to; but you must hear the truth. We cannot do what you want us to do. We cannot wait here two days, nor one day. We will fight to-morrow at sunrise, and we must cut our way through to Uganda. The only chance for our lives is to pack up to-night, and to-morrow morning at sunrise to march and fight our way through them."

On arriving at camp, I saw looks of dismay on each face. I called Pocock and the captains of the Expedition, and then asked them to give their own opinion of the matter freely. After a long hesitation and silence the gallant and ever faithful Kachéché spoke, and said: "Master, I will tell you one thing: when Sambuzi beats the drum to-morrow to march, more than half of this Expedition will follow him, and you cannot prevent it."

"Well," I replied, "this is my decision. I was sent to explore this lake. The force I relied on now fails me, and the people are hostile; it therefore only remains for me to return with Sambuzi, and to try the lake by another road." At dawn we mustered our forces, and with more form prepared to quit our camp. A

thousand spearmen with shields formed the advanced-guard, and a thousand the rear-guard. The goods and Expedition occupied the centre. The drums and fifes and musical bands announced the signal for the march. The natives, perceiving that our form of march was too compact for attack, permitted us to depart in peace. During this time I despatched a letter to Mtesa, wherein I did not fail to report to him of the failure of Sambuzi to perform what he promised me, and the effect of my letter on Mtesa and his court, was one of shame, surprise, and rage. Mtesa said, "Do you see now how I am shamed by my people. Stamlee went to this lake for my good as well as for his own, but you see how I am thwarted by a base slave like Sambuzi."



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

This final farewell letter to Mtesa terminated our intercourse with the powerful monarch of Uganda, and concluded our sojourn in that land of bananas and free entertainment. Henceforth the Expedition should be governed by one will only, and guided by a single man, who was resolved not to subject himself or his time to any other man's caprice, power, or favour any more.

As we neared the Alexandra Nile, the natives proclaimed that we should not pass through until we had paid something to the chief to obtain his good-will. But after receiving a firm refusal, they permitted us to cross the Alexandra Nile without molestation.

On the third day after I paid a visit to Rumanika, king of Karagwé, and a tributary of Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda. I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the

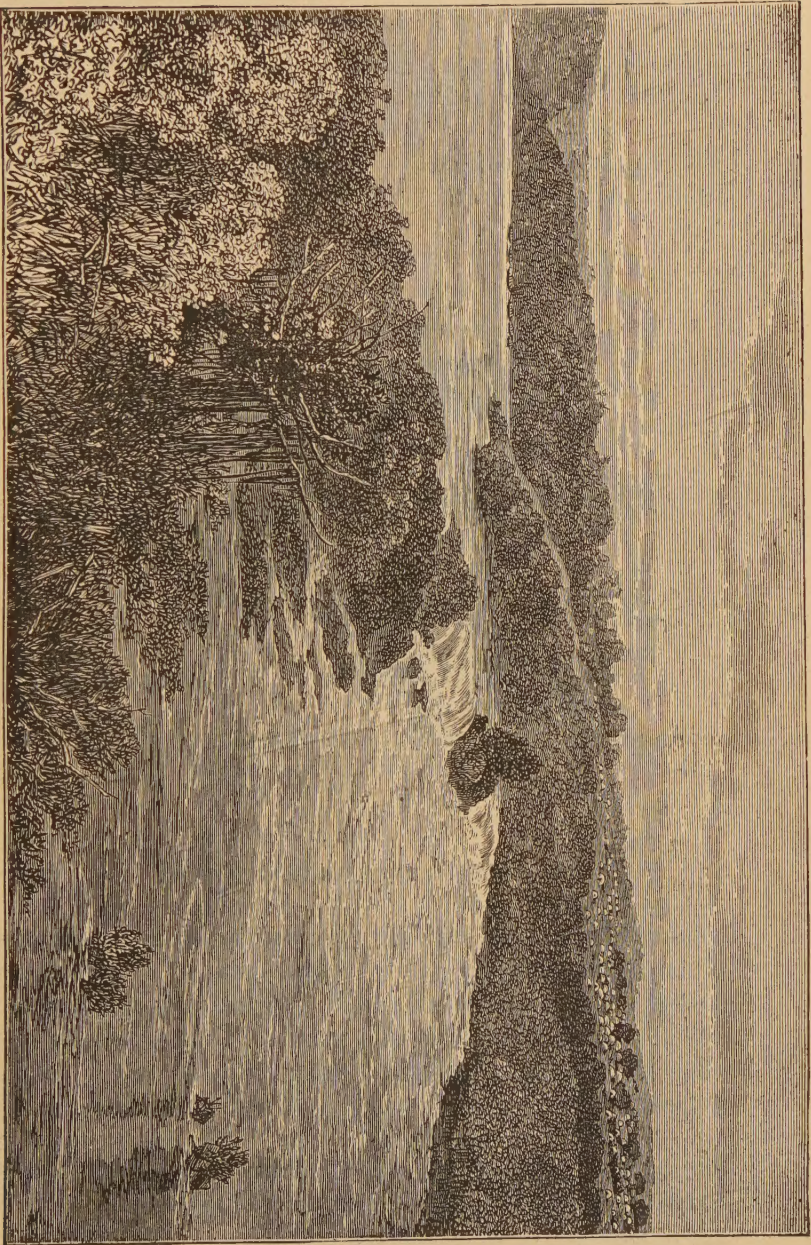
Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep still well; the tones of his voice were so calm that unconsciously they compelled me to imitate him. He expressed himself as only too glad that I should explore his country. It was a land, he said, that white men ought to know. My parting with the genial old man, who must be about sixty years old now, was very affecting. He shook my hands many times, saying each time that he was sorry my visit must be so short.

From the 17th of January 1875, up to 7th April 1876, we had been engaged in tracing the extreme southern sources of the Nile, from the marshy plains and cultivated uplands where they are born, down to the mighty reservoir called the Victoria Nyanza. We had circumnavigated the entire expanse; penetrated to every bay, inlet, and creek; became acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature. We had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea. We had then struck south to the Alexandra Nile, the principal affluent of Victoria Lake.

During our march, ancient "Bull," the last of all the canine companions which left England with me, borne down by weight of years and a land journey of about 1,500 miles, succumbed. With bulldog tenacity, though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plainly bemoaned the weakness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died—his eyes to the last looking *forward* along the track he had so bravely tried to follow.

We were making capital marches. The petty kings, though they exacted a small interchange of gifts, which compelled me to disburse cloth a little more frequently than was absolutely necessary, were not insolent, nor so extortionate as to prevent our intercourse being of the most friendly character. But on the day we arrived at Urangwa, lo! there came up, in haste, a messenger to tell us that the phantom, the bugbear, the terror whose name silences the children, and makes women's hearts bound with fear; that Mirambo himself was coming—that he was only two camps, or about twenty miles, away—that he had an immense army of Ruga-Ruga (bandits) with him!

I had 175 men under my command, and we had many boxes of ammunition. The king of Urangwa said, "You will stop to fight Mirambo, will you not?"



THE OUTFALL OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA: RIPON FALLS, WHICH GIVE BIRTH TO THE VICTORIA NIL.

CAMP OF BEAR-GUARD ON HILL.

(From a photograph taken by the Author, from the Usoga side.)

"Not I, my friend; I have no quarrel with Mirambo. If Mirambo attacks the village while I am here we will fight, but we cannot stop here to wait for him."

On the 19th we arrived at one of the large towns, called Serombo. It was two miles and a half in circumference, and contained a population of about 5,000.

At dusk the huge drums of Serombo signalled silence for the town-criers, whose voices, preceded by the sound of iron bells,



"BULL."

(From a photograph by the Author.)

were presently heard crying out: "Listen, O men of Serombo. Mirambo cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes, dig potatoes to-morrow!" Naturally we were all anxious to behold the "Mars of Africa," who since 1871 has made his name feared by both native and foreigner, in a country embracing 90,000 square miles.

At 10 a.m. the guns, heavily charged and fired off by hundreds, loudly heralded Mirambo's approach. Great war-drums and the shouts of admiring thousands proclaimed that he had entered the town. Presently the chief captain came to my hut, to introduce

three young men—Ruga-Ruga (bandits), as we called them—handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's bodyguard. (See initial cut.)

"Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man," said the principal of them. "He hopes the white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, will he send words of peace to Mirambo?"

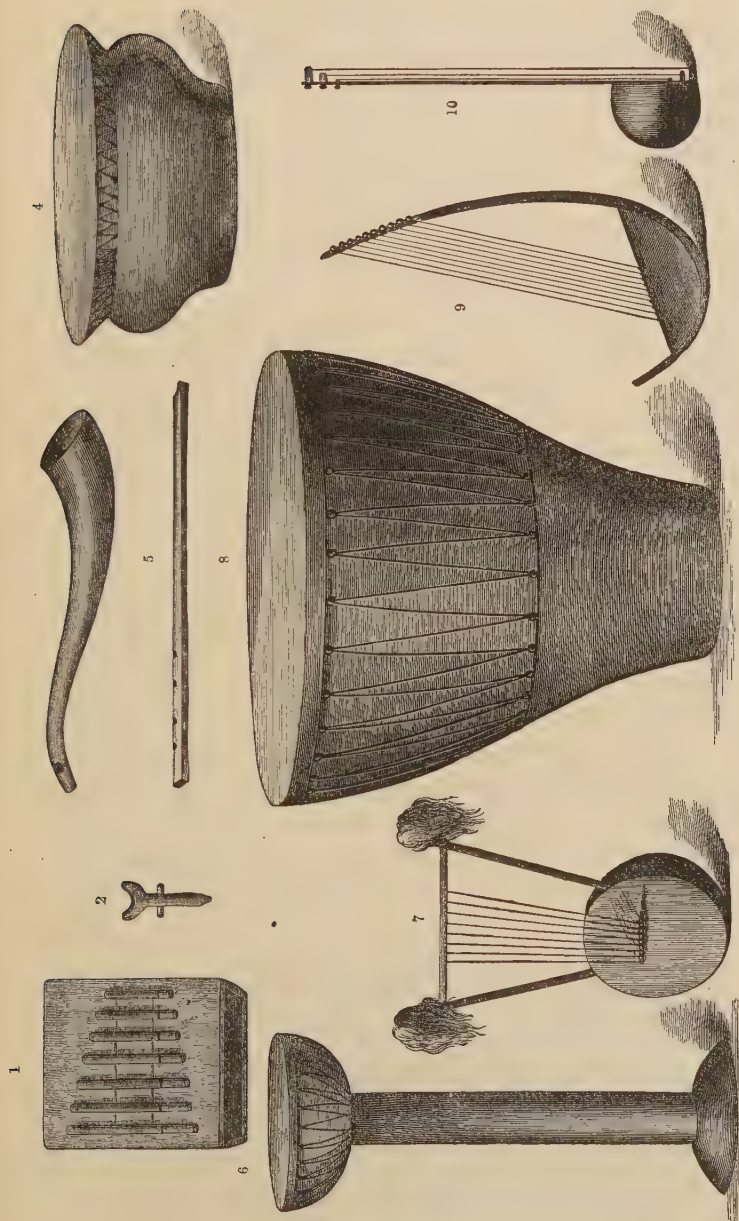
"Tell Mirambo," I replied, "that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man, and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa, I shall be rejoiced to make strong friendship with Mirambo also."

The next day Mirambo appeared with about twenty of his principal men. I shook hands with him with fervour, which drew a smile from him as he said, "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend."

His person quite captivated me, for he was a thorough African *gentleman* in appearance, very different from my conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes. I entered the following notes in my journal on April 22nd, 1876:—

"Mirambo is a man about 5 feet 11 inches in height, and about 35 years old. A handsome, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a 'meek' demeanour, very generous and open-handed. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type, a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unassuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Africa, to the injury of Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was *nothing*, but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master."

Mirambo retired, and in the evening I returned his visit. I found him in a bell-tent, 20 feet high, and 25 feet in diameter, with his chiefs around him. Manwa Sera was requested to seal our friendship by performing the ceremony of blood brotherhood between Mirambo and myself. Having caused us to sit fronting each other on a straw carpet, he made an incision in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and, interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud:



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Kinanda
2. Whistle of Ubulwe.
3. Caravan horn of guide.
4. Drum of Uganda.
5. Flute of kopi or peasant
6. Drum of Uganda.
7. Guitar of Usoga.
8. Great war-drum of Uganda.
9. Guitar of Uganda.
10. One-stringed banjo of Unyamwezi.

"If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him until death."

My new brother then gave me fifteen cloths to be distributed among my chiefs, while he would accept only three from me. Desirous of not appearing illiberal, I presented him with a revolver and 200 rounds of ammunition, and some small curiosities from England.

On the 4th May, having received milch-cows, calves, and bullocks from my new brother Mirambo, we marched in a south-west direction, skirting the territory of the Watuta.

No traveller has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Watuta. Surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them.

At noon of the 27th May, the bright waters of the Tanganika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for a while, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 p.m. we were in Ujiji. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square, or plaza, where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remains only a few embers and a hideous void. The grand old hero, whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone!



NGOGO FISH.

AN OLD COLONIAL PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THAT man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson as he moralized amid the mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." So also, we think, his must be a very sluggish nature whose pulses are not quickened as he stands on Plymouth Rock and recalls the thrilling memories of the *Mayflower*. These old colonial towns upon the New England coast—Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Plymouth, Newport, Providence, with their historic associations of the Pilgrim Fathers, have all a strong attraction to the British subject, no less than to the citizen of the Republic. Indeed, the heroic memories of the Puritans are the common heritage of all mankind.

Nowhere in the world can the founding of an empire be so minutely studied as at the town of Plymouth. In the stone-vaults of the Registry Office may still be seen the earliest records of Plymouth Colony, in the handwriting of the men who are now held in reverence the world over, for their courage in braving the perils of an unknown sea and an equally unknown shore, to face the dangers of savage men and savage beasts, in their constancy to what they believed to be their duty, and for planting on this spot the principles of a theocratic government by the people.

Here is their writing, some of it quaint and crabbed, some fair and legible. Here, on these very pages, rested the hands, fresh from handling the sword and the musket, or the peaceful implements of husbandry, of Bradford, and Brewster, and Standish, and others of that heroic band. Here is the original laying out of the first street, Leyden Street. Here is the plan of the plots of ground, first assigned for yearly use, which they called in the tinge of the Dutch tongue they had acquired in their long residence in Holland, "meersteads." Here are the simple, and yet wise, rules,—laws they can hardly yet be called,—laid down for the government of the infant colony.

The seed of the three kingdoms, says the old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Winnowed by the fan of

persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true only remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore of Delft-Haven, and parting with their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles, for conscience sake, was destined to a still further sifting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed, and a number of the feebler hearted adventurers, were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation.

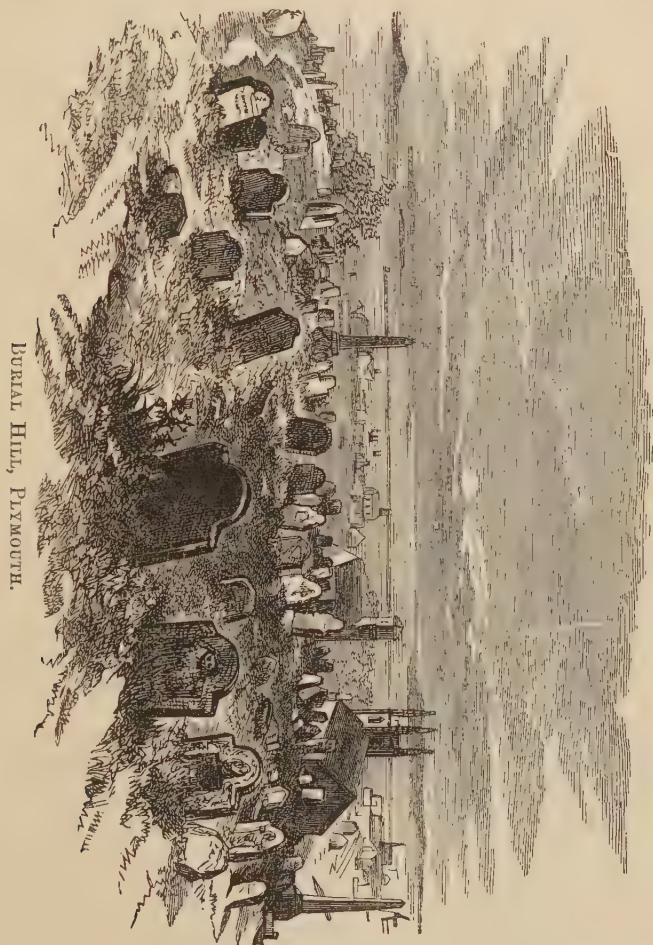
In the little cabin of the *Mayflower* were assembled some of the noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose names are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster, Governor Carver, and Bradford, his successor; Allerton, Winslow, the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country, and their common welfare. “Thus,” says Bancroft, “in the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of ‘equal laws’ for the general good.”

On the wild New England shore, at the beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessities of life—behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests, haunted by savage beasts, and still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unfaltering faith.

The first landing was effected on the barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In debarking, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and sowed the seeds of suffering in their weakened frames. “The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore.”

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. By the good Providence of God, they reached safely the quiet harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed, as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite

the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Toqueville, "is the cornerstone of a nation."* The principles of which it is the symbol

* Down by the sea shore, now protected by a graceful canopy, is the huge boulder on which sprang John Alden, the first of the Pilgrims to land, the last of them to die.

are certainly the foundations, broad and deep, on which national greatness is built.

The *Mayflower* soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected. But disease, hunger, and death, made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor, his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower*;"

with many another of unremembered name were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the *Mayflower*; and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people. Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible, Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty. Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*, Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.

"Meanwhile the master

Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel.
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel.
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all as something living and human.

Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred
Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever." They were forced to live on mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.) They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there was no claimants. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away whole tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the food which they had not planted did they eat. Indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it

*Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

were, fed by the hand of God in the time of its utter weakness, it is difficult to conceive how the colony could have survived at all.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the sachem



OLD FORTIFIED MEETING-HOUSE, ON BURIAL HILL.

of the Narragansetts, a still numerous and hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows, filled the skin to the very jaws with powder and shot, and returned it as a haughty defiance to the savage foe.

Meanwhile the village was inclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounted on the roof of the church,—

“A preacher who spoke to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,”—

and the little garrison kept “watch by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle.”

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks there was no rain. The land was consumed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. “It seemed as if God had forsaken them.” But they feared lest they had forsaken Him. They therefore sought Him in solemn fasting and prayer, “in hope,” says Winslow, “that God would grant the request of their dejected souls, if their countenance might in any way stand with His glory and their good.” They were not troubled with scientific doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. From nine o’clock in the morning, for eight or nine hours, they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. And lo! while they were yet assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days “distilled soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say,” they devoutly add, “whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of God.”

Thus, amid manifold privations and sufferings, amid famine and fever, and perils, and deaths, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unfaltering faith, the foundations of empire were laid.

As one walks to-day beneath the venerable elms of Leyden Street, whose name commemorates the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with oldtime memories, and with the ghosts of the Pilgrim forefathers of New England. Inexpressibly sad to me was the outlook from Burial Hill, thickly studded with grave stones bearing the historic names of the Pilgrims. The tide was out, a broad expanse of dulse and seaweed spreading far and wide beneath the eye. Not a sail was in sight, and only a solitary seagull gleamed white against a sullen sky, and hung poised on unmoving pinion, “like an adventurous spirit o’er the deep.” Here amid the graves of that first sad

winter, with loving hearts and eyes that often dimmed with long watching and with tears, I felt sure that the fair Priscilla must often have gazed wistfully upon the sea—"the awful, pitiless sea"—hoping for the needed succour whose long delay made their hearts sick. And, doubtless, not a few of the Pilgrims, like the Puritan Maiden of Longfellow's poem, as the late spring came to Plymouth were

"Thinking all day of the hedge-rows of England,
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
And the village street, and the village church, and the quiet graves in the
churchyard."

Burial Hill is thickly studded with gravestones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names I noted the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Abiel, Antipas, Bethiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Bathsheba, Elnathan, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Eliphalet, Mehetabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Bethiah, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdiel, Pella, Zeruiah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lois, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others. Sarahs and Rebeccas were especially numerous. One of the oldest epitaphs reads as follows:

"Here lyeth buried ye body of that precious servt. of God, Thos. Cushman, who after he had served his generation according to the will of God, and especially the church of Plymouth for many years in the office of a ruling elder, fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 10, 1690 in the 84 yr of his age."

The seed of the Pilgrims were long-lived. I noticed several of advanced age, as 79, 85, 90, and one 99. On one stone is the epitaph of four *children*, aged respectively, 36, 21, 17, and 2 years. On the gravestone of a child aged one month we read the quaint comment—

"He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our miserie."

The following epitaphs of this first cemetery, in New England, are perhaps worth noting:—

"The Spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie."

"As young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay."

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man."

"He listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs ; then tun'd his ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died."

"Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live.
Repent in time, no time delay,
I in my prime was called away."

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore, prepare to follow me."

"This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did.
Death but entombs the body,
Life the soul :
Hers was the meekness of the rising morn."

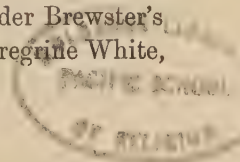
The epitaph of Tabitha Plasket, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention :

"Adieu vain world, I have seen enough of thee ;
And I am careless what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skeins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits and hang them on nails. A suspended row was a ludicrous sight.

One tombstone commemorates seventy-two seamen, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sinks, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

In Pilgrim Hall, a model museum, is an extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England : Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, *Tempus fugit*, still keeping time correctly, though 180 years old ; Elder Brewster's chair ; Alden's Bible and halberd ; the cradle of Peregrine White,

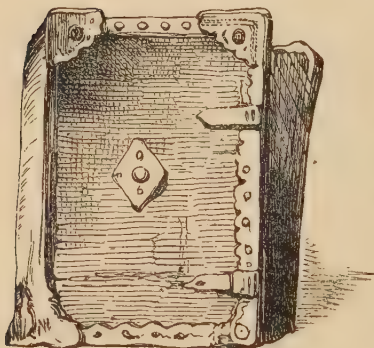


the first child, born in New England ; the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Cæsar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the redoubtable Captain's daughter, and bearing the following verse :—

Lorea Standish is my name,
 Lord guide my heart that I may doe Thy will ;
 Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
 As will conduce to virtue void of shame,
 And I will give the glory to Thy name.

There are also in a glass-case, the originals of Mrs. Heman's ode, "The breaking waves dashed high," and of Bryant's poem :

"Wild was the day, the wintry sea ;" a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man on earth can read ; and other objects of interest. A noble painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance ; the pathos of the partings, "such as wring the life out from young hearts ;" the high-souled heroism of even the



JOHN ALDEN'S BIBLE.

women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble Forefathers' Monument, —crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.*

The old town of Salem, settled only six years after Plymouth,

* For the information of readers, statistically inclined, I may mention that the figure is 216 times life-size. The nose is 16 inches, the upraised arm 20 feet, and the fore-finger two feet long. It is the largest granite statue in the world.

has also its many Puritan memories. Here is still preserved the oldest church in New England, of which Roger Williams was pastor, built 1634—only 25 by 17 feet, with steep roof, and small diamond panes, and containing the desk at which 200 years later Hawthorne wrote “The Scarlet Letter.” The house of Roger Williams—a quaint old many-gabled structure, now a drug-shop—links us with one of the noblest spirits of the seventeenth century. Of painful interest is Witch Hill, where nineteen persons were put to death during the witch-craft delusion—the



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

Rev. Cotton Mather and other Puritan ministers, calmly looking on. In the museum I saw the original depositions of the witnesses in the writing of the Rev. Sam'l Parris, dated May 31, 1692. One I deciphered as follows: “The Indictment of Abigail Hobbs who did wickedly and feloniously covenant with the Evill Sperret, contrary to the Peace of our Lord and Lady, King William and Queen Mary.” A striking painting depicted the Reverend judges condemning to death the poor dazed and crazed creatures before them—a sad chapter in the history of human delusion.

The little town has a large and admirable library, especially of historical documents and New England literature. Dr. Wheatland, the philosophical librarian, explained his mode of classification which groups all literature as follows:

- 1, The relation of man to God—books of religion; 2, the relation of man to man—politics; 3, the relation of man to matter—natural history and science; 4, the relation of man to language—literature, *belles lettres*, etc.

Successive generations of sea captains—Salem used to have more ships than Boston—have brought from the ends of the earth

one of the finest collections of curiosities, illustrative of ethnology and natural history, in America. Within half an hour's ride are the birth-place and grave of the philanthropist Peabody, and the noble museum and library which he left his native town.

Portsmouth was settled only three years after Plymouth. It has more quaint old houses than any other town on the coast, having been left almost entirely behind in the march of modern improvement. "Yes," said one of its amphibious inhabitants to the writer, "we are thinking of fencing in the town for a pasture field." Here is the famous old mansion of Governor Wentworth—the story of whose marriage Longfellow tells. Here, too, is published the oldest paper on the continent, dating from 1750.

Of special interest to Methodist tourists is Newburyport. It is an old historic town, characterized chiefly by the stately elms in its quiet streets, and by the air of faded respectability of its ancient mansions, many of which date from colonial times. Here, in a crypt beneath the pulpit of the old Presbyterian Church, rests the remains of George Whitefield, the most zealous evangelist and most eloquent preacher since the days of Chrysostom. I had some difficulty in finding the sexton of the church, and made an appointment to meet him at a quarter to seven in the morning. The church is a large substantial structure of wood, dating from the middle of the last century. It contains a whispering gallery, as perfect as that of St. Paul's, or that of the Duomo of Florence. A low whisper is heard distinctly diagonally across the church, a distance of 120 feet. On the pulpit is a marble tablet, recording the fact that beneath it lie the remains of the Rev. George Whitefield, and of two former pastors of the church. To the left is a large marble cenotaph, with an inscription commemorating the labours of the great evangelist, his 18,000 sermons, his thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, his frequent journeyings—from New Hampshire to Georgia. The monument was crowned with a flaming heart—a fitting symbol of the quenchless zeal of the earnest-souled preacher. I was shown the old Bible, with its massive covers, which he often used, and which is still in use to-day, and the pulpit from which he often preached.

Going into a vestibule behind the pulpit, the sexton raised a trap-door and descended by a short stairway into a small brick

vault. As he lighted a gas jet three wooden coffins became visible; two on the brick floor, the third laid across the others. The topmost one was that of George Whitefield. The upper part of the cover of each coffin was hinged, and could be turned back, revealing the dessicated skeleton within. That of Whitefield was in an excellent state of preservation, considering that for more than a century it has slumbered in that narrow vault. By a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the visitor is permitted to take the skull in his hand and moralize—Hamlet-wise, if he like—upon this memento of mortality. I did not avail myself of the privilege—it seemed to me a sort of sacrilege—but I laid my hand reverently upon the noble brow which had been the home of such burning and soul-stirring thoughts. As one stands by that open coffin and gazes on the mouldering remains of the mightiest of modern preachers, thoughts of the greatness and littleness of man fill the soul. Of him who once flamed like a seraph through two hemispheres, and swayed the thousands who hung upon his speech as the wind the waving grass, naught earthly remains save this handful of dust.* But this we felt was not Whitefield. This was the mere tabernacle of the holy and consecrated soul, which, having proclaimed like an angel the everlasting Gospel on earth, now "adores and burns before the throne."

I like not this custom of exposing the bones of the prince of preachers. It savours of Protestant relic-worship. It may lead to morbid sentimentality. The sexton stated that a celebrated revivalist, when holding services recently in the church, used to go down every night near midnight, and, in spite of remonstrance, taking the skull in his hand, maunder about "dear George Whitefield."

A little box lying on the coffin has a curious history. Some relic-monger by stealth abstracted a bone of the fore-arm and conveyed it to England. Twenty years after, stung by compunction, on his death-bed, he gave direction that it should be restored. So the sexton explains that, while Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, his arm crossed it fifteen times.

In the chapel above are portraits of all the pastors of the church,

*Expende Hannibalem : quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?

—*Juvenal*, Sat. x. vv. 7-8.

and an excellent one of Whitefield ; also the following autograph letter, which I do not think has ever been printed before :—

DEAR—, I have just learned that you are married, and therefore take this opportunity to write and wish you much joy. That you may both live together as heirs of the grace of life, and after death be translated to the marriage supper of the Lamb in heaven, is the prayer of your friend and brother, for Christ's sake,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

A path through the church-yard leads to the house in which the prince of preachers died. As he retired to his chamber on the last evening of his life, so many were desirous of hearing him, that he stood upon the stairs with his candlestick in his hand, and addressed them with much fervour till the candle burned low in its socket—like the lamp of his life then flickering to extinction. During the night his spirit passed away—“he was not, for God took him.”

Next door is the house in which William Lloyd Garrison, the great apostle of anti-slavery, was born ; and opposite is the house in which the first number of the *Liberator* was printed.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man ;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

WITH CHRIST.

WHEN I grow weary, sad, and worn,
Thinking of what my spirit's borne,
Fearing for what it has to bear,
With which no sympathy can share,
I then to Christ draw nearer.

For when I thus beside Him stand,
And take in faith His loving hand,
A greater strength springs up within—
A sweet relief from conscious sin—
With Him my path is clearer.

O ! sweet security of peace,
Until this soul on earth shall cease,
May it in love draw daily nearer,
May it in faith come daily clearer,
And Thou to me grow daily dearer.

MISSIONARY HEROES—ROBERT MORRISON.



PORT OF FOO-CHOO, CHINA.

It is perhaps scarce too much to say that Robert Morrison was the greatest benefactor of the four hundred millions of China that the teeming population of that vast empire has ever known. He first, almost unaided, translated the Word of God into a vernacular more widely understood than any other in the world,* and opened the Gospel to more than one-third of the human race. His labours were the foundation of all future evangelization, and upon this foundation all succeeding missionaries have had to build. The life record of this pioneer missionary is a conspicuous example of the great results which may be achieved by energy and patient devotion of character in humble dependence upon God. Like the apostolic Carey, Morrison has

* Although there are some two hundred different dialects spoken in China, yet the same written characters are understood in all; as the Arabic numerals, though called by different names, are understood by all the nations in Europe.

conferred dignity on a humble origin and on a youth of lowly toil. If not like the former, a shoemaker, he was the next thing to it—a maker of lasts. Though born in Northumberland (1782) he was of Scottish descent, and exhibited throughout his life much of the characteristic energy of his race. After scant schooling at Newcastle, he was apprenticed to his father at a very early age to learn the trade of last-making. But an insatiate thirst for knowledge made him drink large draughts at the Pierian spring. He had his bed removed to his workshop, where he pursued his studies into the hours beyond midnight which others often gave to revelry. Even when at work at his lowly trade, his Bible or Latin grammar was fastened before him, that he might feed the hunger of his soul for sacred and secular knowledge.

Before he was out of his teens he was, amid such disadvantages, studying Hebrew, Greek, and theology, under the guidance of a Presbyterian minister of the town. He had early given his heart to God, and wished to devote his life to the Christian ministry. Through the influence of his friend he was therefore admitted as a student to the Theological College of the Independent denomination at Hoxton. He devoted himself with energy to his studies. But though delighting in his books, there came to his soul with irresistible power the imploring wail of the perishing millions of mankind. He felt that he must become a missionary to heathen lands. Friends tried to dissuade him from what they thought the chimerical idea. But he persisted in his resolve, and offered his services to the London Missionary Society—then beginning those labours which have since so greatly blessed the world.

The Society had a mission college at Gosport, and to it young Morrison was sent. Mungo Park, the famous African explorer, was then contemplating a settlement at Timbuctoo, and the zealous student desired to accompany him. But day by day as the clock struck the hour of noon he retired to his closet—a habit which he maintained through life—and prayed “that God would send him to the field where the difficulties were greatest and the need most urgent.” The vast population of China was felt to present a riper harvest for the Gospel sickle than even the heart of Africa. The difficulties, too, were great enough for the most heroic courage. Not only was the Chinese Empire closed

against the "outer barbarians," but so hostile was the Home Government to missionary effort that it was impossible to procure passage for a missionary in a British ship.

But, in the confidence of a Divine call, young Morrison pursued for two years special studies preparatory for his life work. Day after day he walked the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to gain a knowledge of the healing art. Then striding with sturdy step to Greenwich, he studied science, and especially astronomy, at the famous Observatory. Every spare hour was spent in the alcoves of the British Museum. The special attraction in that wilderness of books was a quaint old manuscript, a harmony of the Gospels, translated into Chinese by an unknown Roman Catholic missionary. At his lodgings, by the help of the almond-eyed Chinese scholar, Yong-Sam-Tak, he wrestled with the difficulties of the most difficult language spoken by man.

After two years' preparation he set out for his distant field of labour. Owing to British prejudice against missionaries, he was unable to take passage direct to China, but had to sail to America and round Cape Horn. Bishop Walsh recounts a touching incident which happened during the young missionary's stay at the house of a Christian gentleman at New York: "Morrison had been taken suddenly ill, and was placed in the gentleman's own chamber, where, in a little crib beside the bed, slept a child whom it was thought a pity to disturb. On awakening in the morning, seeing a stranger in the room, she was somewhat alarmed. After a moment's pause, looking steadily at him she said, 'Man, do you pray to God.' 'Oh, yes, my dear,' said the missionary, 'every day; God is my best friend.' The answer at once reassured the child; she laid her little head contentedly on her pillow, and fell asleep. Morrison often referred to the circumstance, and said that it taught him a lesson of confidence and faith."

Another instructive incident is also recorded. As Morrison was about to sail, the ship-owner, a somewhat skeptical man of business, said "Now, Mr. Morrison, do you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the Chinese Empire." "No, sir," replied the missionary, in a voice of unshaken confidence, "I do not; but I expect that God will."

After nine long months he reached Canton, September 1807. He found that his difficulties had but begun. To the per-

plexities of the language, were added the jealousies and oppositions of the natives, of the British residents, and of the Portuguese Romish priests. But his faith rose above every obstacle. "China," he said, "may seem walled around against the admission of the Word of God; but we have as good ground to believe that all its bulwarks shall fall, as Joshua had respecting the walls of Jericho."



In his willingness to become all things to all men that he might by all means save some, he adopted for a time the garb and customs of the Chinese. He shaved his beard and wore the national queue; allowed his nails to grow long, and acquired the difficult art of eating with chopsticks. But finding that this extreme conformity did not conciliate the natives, he soon abandoned it, and resumed his European garb. He devoted himself with enthusiasm to a mastery of the language, conversed constantly in it with the Chinese servants, and even employed it in his private prayers. Such energy would conquer

CHINESE PAGODA.

any obstacles, and he soon became, like Carey at Calcutta, translator to the East India Company. But his soul felt the loneliness of spiritual isolation. "Here, alas!" he writes, "all is cheerless as a sandy desert. But, though the prospect now be very, very dreary, we look forward to the time when this barren land shall be turned into streams of water and the deserts blossom as the rose."

In consequence of the jealousies of the native authorities, Morrison was compelled to pursue his labours as student and

translator with the utmost caution and privacy. "We get a glimpse," says his biographer, "of the prudent and indefatigable missionary living in a cellar below the roadway, with a dim earthenware lamp lighted before him, and a folio volume of Matthew Henry's Commentary screening the flame both from the wind and from observation." So, year after year, he toiled on, uncheered by human aid or sympathy in the more than Herculean labour of translating the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue. In seven years the whole of the New Testament was translated, and the East India Company, whose opposition to missionary enterprise was now in part overcome, sent out a press and materials for printing the work. The same year Dr. Morrison baptized his first convert, Tsae Ako, who had been his assistant in his work. This first fruit of a glorious harvest of souls filled the missionary's heart with joy.

He had at length assistance in his labour in Dr. Milne, a fellow missionary, sent out by the London Society. Gaining facility through experience, they were able to press forward the work of translation. In five years more the whole Bible was translated, and, by the aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was published in twenty-one portly volumes—the result of about eighteen years of missionary toil. "During this time," writes Bishop Walsh, "Morrison had to superintend not only the printing, but also the cutting of the blocks from which the copies were to be struck, and often had his patience and perseverance been tried by finding them destroyed, sometimes by the ravages of the white ants, sometimes through the error of the workmen, and sometimes through the hostility of the native magistrates. Again and again when his work was assailed, and for a time interrupted—and even when bitter persecutions were stirred up against his few but faithful converts—this calm and resolute soldier of the Cross was not dismayed, but held to his convictions and his duty."

The "Honourable Company" feared that they should be compromised by their interpreter being engaged in the work of Bible translation, and dismissed him from their service. But not for a moment did Morrison hesitate as to his duty. "The character of a missionary I cannot sink," he said, "no, not if my daily bread depend on it." His services, however, were so valuable that he was again and again employed in offices of the highest

trust and importance. The Company's estimate of the value of his linguistic labours may be judged from the fact that it expended the sum of \$75,000 in printing his Chinese Dictionary, a work which explains some 40,000 characters and which, next to the translation of the Scriptures, is the great work of the missionary's life.

He never, however, lost sight of what he considered his great missionary obligations, but constantly preached and proclaimed the glad evangel of the Gospel and in every possible way sought to influence for good the native population. Believing that the Chinese could be most effectually reached through educational means, he procured the founding of an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, contributing personally \$5,000 for the erection of buildings and \$500 a year for its support.

In 1824, Morrison revisited his native land, to find himself everywhere received with the highest honours. He was presented to the Sovereign, to whom he gave a copy of the Chinese Scriptures. His name was received with cheers by the Imperial Parliament, and learned societies and universities became rivals in conferring upon him their highest distinctions.

He remained two years in England, "most of the time," he says, "in stage-coaches and inns," diligently endeavouring to enlist public sympathy in the work to which he had devoted his life—the evangelization of China. He then returned to his field of toil, "amid failing health and family afflictions, and manifold discouragements, and by preaching, translating, printing, sought to set up Christ's kingdom in that land of dense, dark heathenism. In 1832 he wrote thus of the prospect of a harvest after his many years of toil: "I have been twenty-five years in China, and am beginning to see the work prosper. By the press we have been able to scatter knowledge far and wide." As an illustration of the extent to which the press was thus used may be mentioned the fact that in twenty-six years after his issue of the first portion of the Scriptures, no less than 751,763 copies of works, consisting of 8,000,000 pages of tracts, hymn-books, catechisms, and of the Word of God, were printed and circulated in the Chinese and Malay languages. "Yet," he says, "these seemed not more in comparison to the vast extent of ground to be cultivated, than would be a handful of seed cast upon the mountains of Lebanon."

Like his blessed Master he "went about doing good," both to the bodies and the souls of men. His copious charity relieved the wants, and his medical skill was employed to mitigate the sufferings and heal the diseases of the poor and suffering Chinese around him. Thus in many instances the barriers of heathen prejudice and hate were broken down. A little band of Chinese converts were gathered about him and one of these, Leang Afa, became the first native preacher of Christianity in the Chinese Empire. The European residents at the treaty ports were not neglected; and in the zealous missionary the English and American sailors found a faithful counsellor and friend.

At the comparatively early age of fifty-two he ceased from his labours, having laid the foundation of a greater work for the heathen world than probably any other man since apostolic times. The closing scene is thus beautifully described in the admirable biographic sketch by Bishop Walsh: "He died in harness, 'tired in the work, but not of it,' and he died almost alone; for all but one of his family had gone to England on account of their health. He was weak and scarcely able for the effort, but he gathered his little flock of converts round him on the last Lord's day that he spent on earth and for the last time they heard from his dying lips the clear expression of his faith, the solemn exhortation of his love, and his earnest prayers for them and for his work; and then, on August 1st, 1834, to use the Oriental language of one of that little band, 'he entered on his golden tranquility.'"

The memoirs of his life and his correspondence, as edited by his widow, reveal, as has been remarked, "a strange mixture of the sternest severity in respect to duty and of the softest affection as regarded those dear to him. His letters to his children, his interest in their sports—nay, the very caresses he bestowed upon his dog, 'Cæsar,' all bear witness to the gentleness of his disposition." And over all breathes a spirit of earnest piety, so that it was truly said that whatever he accomplished as an ardent scholar, a zealous divine, a steady patriot, owed its origin to his religious character.

When Morrison entered China in 1807 he was alone—the only Protestant missionary among 400,000,000 people* or about one-third the population of the earth. He lived to welcome Dutch,

* The Chinese Ambassador at Paris gives these figures.

American, and English missionaries to that vast field. How it would have rejoiced his soul had he lived till now—how it doubtless rejoices his soul in heaven—to know that six hundred and twenty-five Protestant missionaries are preaching the Gospel in the vast empire to which he was the solitary pioneer. Of these



CHINESE TEMPLE OF THE THOUSAND GODS.

twenty-eight are English Wesleyans, ten New Connexion, four United Free Methodists, fifty Methodist Episcopal, and fifteen Methodist Episcopal, South; or one hundred and seven in all of the different Methodist Churches. The Presbyterian Churches have one hundred and thirty-seven missionaries, four of whom are from the Canadian Church. We covet for our own Church a place in this goodly phalanx. While we rejoice that six

hundred and twenty-five devoted missionaries are breaking the bread of life to these perishing millions, we cannot but ask, What are they among so many?—only *one* missionary to six hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred souls. This is about the same proportion as seven ministers would be for the whole Dominion of Canada instead of over five thousand; or seventy-seven ministers for the whole of the United States, instead of over fifty thousand. Our Lord miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed the perishing multitude by the sea of Galilee; but we have no right to expect a miracle to give the bread of life to the perishing millions of China, when the Churches of Christendom have both men and means to do the work, and when the doing of it would bring a reward of richest spiritual blessing to themselves. The money spent in intoxicating liquors and tobacco, to say nothing of the millions lavished in war and squandered in fashionable frivolities, would give the Gospel to every creature of the globe before the close of the present century.

We devoutly rejoice in what has been done for China. Through the labours of thirty-one missionary societies in that land, there are now three hundred and twenty Protestant churches and over twenty thousand baptized converts, one thousand one hundred and thirty-nine native preachers and helpers, and two hundred and seventy-five day-schools with six thousand eight hundred and thirty scholars. The Church of Rome has put forth greater efforts for the conversion of China than all other Churches together. It was earliest in the field, and has now, according to the *Hong Kong Catholic Register* of 1881, forty-one bishops, six hundred and sixty-four European and five hundred and fifty-nine native priests, thirty-four colleges, as many convents, and one million ninety-two thousand two hundred and eighteen Catholic converts. These last, however, will embrace whole families of nominal adherents.

“Only forty years ago,” writes a Chinese missionary, “it was a crime for a foreigner to learn the Chinese language, a crime to teach it to a foreigner, a crime for a foreigner to print anything in it. No public preaching was tolerated. To address an individual or two, with fear and trembling, in an inner apartment, with the doors securely locked, is all that Dr. Morrison could do, and he retained his position only by acting as interpreter for the East India Company. In 1842 five ports were opened to the foreigners. In 1858 nine more

were opened. But the interior was hermetically sealed. Twelve hours' journey from the sea was all that was permitted to the foreigner, and he must be back within twenty-four hours. Now the whole Empire is open and the missionary may go to every province, city, town, and hamlet in the land."

"This," says another missionary, "in view of the history of the past, is a most thrilling appeal to Christian lands to come and reap the wide harvests of God. Every province and city and home and heart is accessible. And it is no slight gain that, through the representations of Dr. Angell, freedom from the imposts of idolatry has been secured to all native Christians, Protestants as well as Catholic. What a tremendous duty rests on the young men of this decade now in our seminaries and colleges and academies! What a solemn, what an inspiring call is this to us to see to it that men and means are abundantly provided for this prodigious work! Here are four hundred millions of souls sweeping on toward a Christless death and hopeless eternity with every setting sun, with every flying hour. Every generation this mighty tide of human life is swallowed up in death's oblivion; three hundred and thirty millions in thirty-three years, ten millions every year, eight hundred thousand every month, twenty-six thousand every day, a thousand every hour. The mind stands appalled at this ceaseless, fearful flow of human souls out beyond the reach of Christian faith and hope."

Shall we not, with greater earnestness than ever, pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest? Shall we not rise to the height of our privilege and obligation, and labour more zealously, and give more liberally than ever we did, to hasten the time when, in a redeemed and regenerated world the Saviour shall see the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied?*

* For the statistics above given we are indebted to that admirable missionary paper, *The Gospel in All Lands*, Eugene R. Smith, Bible House, New York. Price \$2 a year. If any of our readers desire a fuller account of the Chinese and Missions among them, they are referred to the monthly number for May, 1881. It contains fifty-six pages, of which fifty pages are given to China. It contains thirty-one illustrations; an account of the religions of China; translations of the Bible into the Chinese language; an account of the Mission Work of all Churches and Societies in China, and other valuable information respecting the Chinese and Christian work among them. It will be mailed post free for twenty-five cents.

A CANADIAN IN NORWAY.

SHIPWRECKED OFF NORTH CAPE.

BY ARTHUR COLEMAN, PH.D.

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NORTH CAPE, NORWAY.

KNIVSKJAERODDEN is an awkward looking word. Not every one knows that the "skjaer" in the middle of it means our word "blade," or "share," and is pronounced like the latter; that the "en" with which it terminates is "the," and that the whole word means the part of a knife where the blade joins the handle. This strange name belongs to a strange place—to the very farthest bulwark of Europe against the Arctic storms. Its smooth worn, much-enduring shoulders, push a full mile farther toward the Pole than the North Cape itself. But then the latter rises a thousand feet sheer into the mists and wears a most dignified and imposing frown, so all the world goes to see the North Cape and after the manner of the world, leaves the meritorious but humble Knivskjaerodden quite unnoticed. It is visited only by fishermen, seabirds, and tempests; and they make their visits as brief as possible, for it is the dullest, dreariest, most desolate spot on

the earth. Though not classing myself with either tempests, or seabirds, or fishermen, I once spent a long day on its rocks with some fifty others, and so know all about it. We landed there, not to rescue an interesting and hardly used promontory from undeserved neglect, but for the more cogent reason that we could not help it. We were shipwrecked.

At a certain stage of a boy's life it is the height of his ambition to go to sea and get shipwrecked, to live on a raft, to cast lots as to who shall be served for dinner each day, and finally to reach some island paradise. My own longings and ambitions took this shape at one time, but a touch of the reality on the mist-covered Arctic Ocean quenched them forever. The joys of possession rarely equal one's fond anticipations. To get your feet soaked with ice water, to be drenched with driving rain, to fast all day on a ship's biscuit, and to shiver away the hours under a leaky sail for a tent, look very delightful and romantic no doubt from a sufficient distance, but in practice they don't prove satisfactory.

But it will be in order perhaps, to describe how we all fell into this predicament.

I had come up from Drontheim to Hammerfest on the *Hoakon Jarl* to see what was to be seen at that remote end of the earth. Our good ship was not to pass the North Cape, so a number of us waited in Hammerfest for another steamer which was to touch there. We stopped at the North Pole Hotel, and spent two or three days very pleasantly. As is well known, it is one's chief duty on a summer's trip to Hammerfest to see the midnight sun. We did our duty. We were rowed out on the fjord one night to see his cheerful face over the waves, and we climbed a mountain the next night to see him again. One some way expects that the midnight sun shall have something peculiar, awe-inspiring, weird, and poetic about him; but he has not. A careful and scientific observation convinces me that the midnight sun looks like any other sun. His late hours and dissipation leave no traces on his serene countenance. A half hour before the sun sets on Lake Ontario he has just the same aspect, and the tints of the horizon are just as delicate and beautiful as at midnight near Hammerfest. I was disappointed; and what added bitterness to the disappointment was, that two or three ladies in the party went into ecstasies and raptures over it, in several

languages, and reproached me for not joining in the general delight. It is galling to be shown that one has failed in one's duty.

The hours of the day, and even the days of the week, get badly mixed at Hammerfest. A man takes his little promenade at midnight, goes to bed about three o'clock, after vain efforts to shut out the sunshine, is wakened at ten o'clock by having it full in his face, breakfasts at noon and dines at seven, and is doubtful all the time whether it is yesterday or to-day. Until it becomes wearisome, there is a charm about this perpetual mild sunshine. It is the land of the Lotus-Eaters, where it is always afternoon and "the charmed sunset lingers low adown in the red west." The warm, yellow light softens the hardness of the black rocks, and the stunted shrubs and flowers grow on through every hour of the twenty-four, making the most of the short summer. They have only too much enforced rest in the long winter, and are pinched and hungry for sunshine when it does come and the absence of snow lets them enjoy it. The severe grey of the barren hills around Hammerfest harbour, and the dead white of midsummer snowbanks on their flanks, give the visitor a most vivid impression of rigour and desolation. A stroll or scramble on the hill-sides surprises and delights one, however, for every sheltered nook among the rocks hides a dainty flower garden rich with bloom. The mosses and flowers make a velvety turf, on which, or in which, crouches the Arctic birch with its slender stems and round-notched leaves. Nipping frosts and icy winds have taught them all humility, and none of them raise their heads more than a few inches above the common turf. They nestle together cosily, and keep one another warm. The only really luxuriant vegetation near the town is on the house-tops. The roofs are of birch-bark, covered with sods, and look for all the world like bits of rich Canadian meadow studded with oxeye daisies. No doubt the warmth of the house below favours them. I have seen an enterprising goat scramble up and make a hearty breakfast on such a roof.

But all this is beside the point, and we must get on to our shipwreck.

In two or three days the steamer *Nordstjern* (North Star) came in, and about six in the evening we were on board and off for the Cape. It is about a six hours' journey, and the affair was so timed that we should reach the Cape at mid-night.

The company was very mixed in nationality. There were several acquaintances from the *Haakon Jarl*. Two American young ladies with their Swiss courier, an old countess from Dresden, with her wasp-waisted companion and her hideous but dearly loved lapdog, were there; and so were the two agreeable German families that came up with us, including a charming little woman who spoke the quaintest of English. A party of American ladies with a courier; four Englishmen, one with his wife; a French gentleman and lady; and several Jews from Berlin, formed part of the passengers on the *Nordstjern*. Most of the rest belonged to one of the Scandinavian countries.

There was a glorious soft afternoon light as we steamed through the grim rock portals of the harbour and turned north-east, with the swelling waves of the Arctic on our left, and a range of iron mountains and islands on the other side. In two or three hours we passed Bird Rock, a tall, grey-coated sentinel at the base of a promontory. Along every rift and ledge white vested auks and puffins elbowed one another, bolt upright and stiff, like rows of jars on an apothecary's shelves. A shot from a small cannon on board sent the inhabitants of this bird metropolis into the air in clouds and columns, as white as snow-flakes, at first and quite as thick. The sun was soon darkened with their numbers, and the very air curdled with their shrieks. With many a whirl and sweep they dropped into the sea, diving as the vessel approached, or gradually slipped back to their easy chairs to gossip with their neighbours over the alarming occurrence.

We were opposite the North Cape as the sun swept to its lowest point. A fine evening yellow suffused the sky and glinted on the long rolling waves, and warmed up the gloomy face of the promontory. The engine stopped to let us admire the scene, and to give some enthusiastic sportsmen a chance to catch a half dozen splendid cod and haddock. They were daintily coloured, well-grown fish, but were destined not to appear on our breakfast table next morning. Instead we came near being food for fishes ourselves.

Pushing round the Cape we came to anchor at the foot of a deep, gloomy fjord, and were rowed ashore. I was astonished to find a rich vegetation in the narrow valley, ferns and buttercups and yellow violets and forget-me-nots, all fresh and wide awake

as if it were not midnight. But there was a thousand feet of climbing to do, so there was only time to put a forget-me-not in my notebook and begin the ascent. Once the steep wall is scaled one finds himself on the usual undulating floor of the Norwegian fjelds, covered with loose stones between which a few mosses and flowers made a hard struggle for life. Blocks of white quartz gave a ghastly touch here and there amid the sombre greys. The granite column commemorating King Oscar's visit a few years ago was only a half mile's walk from where we ascended, and a young Norwegian and I, who were the first up, were soon there.

The rising ground behind shut the others out of view and the sunlit billows, sweeping in till lost to sight before breaking at the foot of the cliff far below, were simply glorious. There was a strange sense of vastness and solitude about the scene. It was the spot and time for dream and sentiment. Would the icy and unconquerable polar sea soften in the gentle sunshine, and in the muffled roar of her waves disclose to the awe-struck listener some of her long-kept secrets? Alas! if people would only let one alone! Here comes a motley crowd, joking and exclaiming in half the languages of Europe—and sentiment vanishes at the pop of champagne bottles.

The French lady came up with great display and took a suitable pose encircled by her admirers. A sailor had pulled from before, and another had propelled from behind; still how she got up at all in those shoes was a mystery, and commanded all admiration. A fresh little English lady with her husband were up before her, and a young Philadelphian came up shortly after with her Swiss courier, but neither seemed to think it necessary to pose or to be admired for the feat.

But meantime a dark line of fog crept up from the north and sprang suddenly upon us, whirling in vapour wreaths up the gorges, hiding the sun with its dun clouds and turning hues of gold to brass. The sailors hurried us back to the ship, for losing oneself in a fog on these dreary fjelds has its unpleasant features.

When we reached the edge of the steep descent to the fjord the ship seemed close beneath us, and was still bathed in warm light; but the fog closed in when we got on board, and in a few minutes the gloomy North Cape and the rosy mountain across the fjord faded from view.

It was half-past two, and most of us turned in to sleep as well as the annoying daylight would permit. Blessed is darkness when you want to sleep. Nothing delighted me more on our way south than to see the lamps lighted again about ten o'clock one evening. Their dingy light, and the semi-darkness outside, were charming. We are half creatures of darkness anyway, and some of us even love darkness rather than light in a very proper sense.

In the midst of my dreams, sadly diluted as they were by the daylight, came a strange grating noise. The ship shuddered in every timber, and tipped till we were rolled out of our berths amid the crashing of lamps and smashing of everything loose and breakable. There was a rush and scramble to reach the deck, which was no easy matter from the pounding of the ship and the great slope of the companion staircase to one side. Once on deck, our alarm fled. There beside us was solid rock, stretching off into the mist, so there was no danger. The ship's bows were well up on the rocks. If she had struck the North Cape instead of Knivskjaerodden very few could have escaped, for there is deep water up to the beetling cliffs themselves and she would have sunk immediately. There would have been but little foothold for swimmers in the icy water to climb the perpendicular face of the North Cape, and even if one reached the top, the prospect would have been pretty hopeless, for it is part of a desolate and deserted island.

As it was, by clinging to the upper bulwark, one could work his way along to the bow, although the deck was as steeply inclined as the roof of a house. From the bow it was possible, by watching one's chance, to drop to the rocks and come off almost dryshod; quite an advantage for unfortunates, like myself, in stocking feet. The ladies were soon helped along and handed over the side, while a stout sailor caught them below. Most of them were pale, but still took it bravely. One New York girl was as cool as if walking along Broadway. Some nearly fainted, however, and the old Countess was quite frantic as she clung to the gunwale with one hand and hugged the ancient lapdog with the other. I won her everlasting gratitude by helping her over the side and handing her ugly little pet after her.

In a few minutes all were on shore but two ponderous American ladies who were unlucky enough to be fastened into their

stateroom by the slipping of a trunk against the door. As they did not know what would happen next, and neither floor nor wall was level enough to stand on, it must have been an uncomfortable quarter of an hour before they were rescued by breaking open the door.

The scenes among the forty or fifty passengers, after landing on the rocks, were amusing enough. One does not always find oneself in full dress at three in the morning, and more than one lady had to make a cloak or Ulster serve as dressing-room; and the resulting costume was often more striking than elegant. For my own part, the stern of the vessel was under water before I got back to look for my boots, which had slipped away out of sight by the tipping of the ship, so I pulled on a pair of Lapp moccasins of a queer shape and bright colours. They were no protection at all, and were soon as wet as rags from the sea-water.

During the bustle of landing and securing one's things when tossed off by the sailors, who immediately began to strip the vessel, there was excitement enough to keep us warm, and most of the company took everything good humouredly; but afterward, when the driving rain from the north cut one to the bone, things did not look so cheerful. One of the American ladies with whom I came up on the *Haakon Jarl* was fairly sick with the shock and exposure, so their courier and myself got up a rough tent. We chose a spot where a ledge of rock kept off the driving rain, and by spreading a small sail on an oar made a very good shelter. Some cushions and blankets completed a snug little place, just large enough for four. A little experience in camping in our Canadian backwoods was of no small value just then. We put heavy stones on the edges of the sail to stretch it properly and thus keep out wind and water. Others followed our example and soon all were under shelter, but most of them did not stretch their tents as they should have done, and there was sure to be a spot where it dripped, of course just over some man's nose or the back of his neck. A shivering Englishman, for whom the drops proved too much crawled out and came over to see us, with a most rueful and envious countenance. He evidently wanted to be invited in, but our hospitality was hampered by the fact that you can't crowd five bodies into a space which will only

hold four, so he had to go back and endure the drops like a man.

The difference in nationalities came out strongly. The English and Germans made the best of things, but the French and two or three Jews were very helpless and did not display a very generous spirit in caring for others. When the rain became too fierce they wrapped themselves in blankets up to the very eyes, spread their umbrellas, each for himself, and sat on the rocks dripping images of mute misery till some sailor hustled them off into a tent. Teutons and Saxons and Scandinavians bustled around cheerfully to get the ladies under shelter or bring them biscuit and beer, and showed no end of resources in raising the general comfort and good spirits.

About noon the energetic cook, who had managed to keep alive a smoky little fire, announced coffee. It was a creditable exhibition of enterprise, but the resulting beverage was not successful. It looked like dishwater, and very few ventured to drink it.

Then ensued several hours of solid misery and discomfort till about four o'clock, when a keen-eyed sailor shouted that a steamboat was in the offing. Everyone was on the alert in a moment. The fishing boat which loomed in out of the fog soon after we had struck had carried the news to the nearest fishing telegraph station, and a steamer, which was fortunately in Hammerfest harbour at the time, set off immediately to rescue us. The dirty little whaling steamer came along bobbing like a cork on the high waves. The sea was too stormy to get off in boats where we were camped, so a pilgrimage was made over the slippery rocks to a small, narrow inlet between two high smooth walls of rock. The promontory gets its peculiar name from this inlet, I believe, in which the fishermen find a resemblance to the crevice between the two halves of a knife handle when the blade is shut.

One boat after another was loaded in this calm strip of water, and, running the gauntlet of breakers at the mouth, slipped down with the wind to the waiting steamer, the *John Shoening*. Once out of the inlet the boats could be seen only when riding on the crest of the waves. The whaling steamer towed them back. I went in the same boat with the French party; and it was amusing to see how they would remark uneasily as each

threatening wave approached, "*Pas de danger !*" and then, triumphantly, when it was past, "*Quelle montagne !*"

The passengers and crew of the *John Shoenig* received our shabby party with great curiosity and sympathy and we soon started for Hammerfest leaving the poor *Nordstjern*, now mostly under water, to be torn up piecemeal by the breakers. Going below we had the luxury of a good square meal, though from the rolling of the vessel we had to cling to our plates more anxiously than was pleasant.

Before two o'clock we were in Hammerfest, and were rushing through its deserted little streets to get some sort of lodgings, for the none too capacious town was overflowing with visitors from the steamer last arrived. My much badgered, but persistently good-humoured hostess, found me a bed somewhere, and pulling off my wet moccasins I was soon forgetful of fogs and shipwrecks and even of the daylight that streamed in. Whether I woke the same day or not till the next has always been a doubtful point in my own mind.

In two or three days the *Haakon Jarl* returned from Vadsoe, near the Russian frontier, and took us all—through fogs and fjords and thickset islands back to Drottnheim and civilization.*

LOOK UP.

Look up ! The morning crowns the night ;
 The gloom has fled ; the day awakes,
 The sun through mists and shadows breaks ;
 Through mists and shadows of the heart
 And mind diviner sunbeams dart,
 And fill the sky, the soul, the world with light.

Look up ! The vast ethereal morn
 Is all alive with hope and trust.
 Beneath our feet dead leaves and dust,
 And all the past we would forget,
 Or else, remembering, regret,
 Sleep with our cankering doubts and moods forlorn.

* In partial excuse for the oft-recurring "Ego" in this article, it may be mentioned that the Editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE requested that it be *personal*, and *first personal*, as well as sketchy.

A CENTURY OF METHODISM IN ITS BEARING ON ITS FUTURE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STEWART, D.D.,
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ONE hundred years ago, Methodism had no position among the Churches of what is now known as the Dominion of Canada. It had no ordained ministry, no church property, no school, no distinct congregation, and but a solitary evangelist, who, in the border settlements of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." To-day, according to the published reports of the recent census, it is the largest Protestant community in the land, and its rate of increase is greater than that of any other branch of the Christian Church in this country.

In these facts there is found no room for boasting. "What hath God wrought!" It is not to us, to any of us, or to all of us together, that the glory is due, but to God alone—"for His mercy and for His truth's sake." Were we tempted to overpass the limit of devout and grateful joy, two considerations ought at once to repress all self-gratulation—greater fidelity might have ensured much larger success; and, as it is, our weighty and far-reaching responsibilities are to be met only by humility and unreserved consecration.

Ours is a country rising up rapidly to a position of vast importance. Facing the Atlantic, we are next neighbours to all the nations of Europe on the East, and on the West we join hands with the great Republic of the New World. In extent, our territory is even larger than that of the United States; and, stretching from one ocean to the other, will doubtless, at no distant day, afford one of the easiest routes of travel between China, India, and Australia in one direction, and Great Britain and Western Europe in the other. Besides the undeveloped capabilities of the older Provinces, there is, in our great North-West alone, ample accommodation for the comfortable settlement of millions of people. Already, their vanguard is upon us, and soon the multitudes whose tread is at our doors shall occupy with us this great possession, and feel the quickening influences

of its magnificent possibilities. Who, then, can even approximately estimate the power, either for good or for evil, that must belong to us as a nation, in the near future ; or fully comprehend the obligations which now rest upon the people of this Dominion to see that the foundations of this coming State shall be solidly laid in truth, in justice, and in the fear of God ! And if upon all the Churches of the land there chiefly rests this solemn responsibility, then upon our own in largest measure. This is no matter of choice. It is already determined as well by our history in the past, as by our position at the present. For the exercise of the intelligence, the fervour, the liberality, and the patience requisite to fulfil the task of the most successful Church in Canada, we shall not only be held amenable at the bar of public opinion, but before "God, the Judge of all," Himself. Other men have laboured during the last century for us ; and the men of a hundred years hence will have a right to receive, through us, a heritage of blessing proportioned to our advantages.

What, then, it may be asked, has, under the Divine favour, secured the past success of Methodism ? If this can be ascertained, we have but to "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing," in order to secure success in the future.

An examination of our denominational history, whether viewed in a narrower or wider sphere—in the home-work of Methodism, or in its foreign missions—will bring out and illustrate certain principles, which, if they do not furnish a full explanation of the remarkable result, will at least go far toward it.

I.—Perhaps the most obvious of these is the character of its preaching. That the preaching of the Methodists has features somewhat peculiar to itself, is a fact which has not only impressed the minds of those who regularly attend upon it, but also of many who from other denominations have occasionally listened to it. If we say that it is Scriptural, we do not mean that it merely keeps within the limits of revealed truth, or that it is but repetitions of the phraseology of Holy Writ. But it gives great prominence and distinctness to those facts and doctrines by which the Word of God is distinguished, and for the setting forth of which that Word was given. Find the elements of Christianity in the Holy Scriptures, and you find the staple of the deliverances of the Methodist pulpit. The Personality and Fatherhood of God ; the

free moral agency of man; the redemption of our entire race by the sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus Christ; repentance toward God, and faith in the merits of the Redeemer for the remission of sins; the witness of adoption, the regeneration of our nature, and the sanctification of body, soul, and spirit, by the agency of the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life; a probation that reaches through time, crowned with eternal life to those who are faithful unto death, and issuing in "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile;" these are the essentials of the New Testament, and upon their exposition and enforcement God has manifestly set the seal of His approval.

We may also affirm that in the ministrations of the Methodists these truths have been treated in a manner suited to their weight and solemnity. The aim of the preacher is to touch the inmost of the soul; to introduce and to test, to unfold and to mature the spiritual life. He labours to excite the enquiry—

"How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in Heaven?"

And his response is at hand—

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

- Without such encouraging signs being awakened, and such response being welcomed, Methodism has always felt that its agency is defective. It believes that "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." It therefore looks for conversions, and expects immediate, saving effects. Apart from these it stands self-confessed of failure. For its work is not to maintain a theory, or promulgate a philosophy, or enforce a discipline, or even to publish a decent orthodox gospel that leaves the conscience unimpressed and the heart unchanged, but to save souls from death, and to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land.

In the very nature of things, then, Methodist preaching must be aggressive. Missionary effort is not merely an outcome of it,

but is of its very essence. Under the impulse of that Divine love which "strangely warmed" the heart of our venerable founder, he went forth to testify of this great salvation to as many as would listen to him. Thenceforth the world was his parish, and he went therefore not only to those who needed him, but chiefly to those who needed him most. His assistants and successors were like-minded. This was the case with William Black,* with whom originated the Methodism of the Maritime Provinces. His clear conversion resulted in a missionary life. He felt the Word of God to be as fire in his bones, and was constrained by the love of Christ to travel about, indifferent to fatigue, to privations, and to danger, seeking that he might save the lost. And so it has been with many others. No earthly inducement could have led them into the work, much less have kept them in it. But they lived upon the Master's word, "Lo, I am with you alway." Nor have the Churches of Methodism been uninfluenced by the same spirit. They have reached out unto the regions beyond. The Missionary meeting and the Missionary contribution are factors in our Church life everywhere. And we could not do without them. Their reflex benefits are incalculable. Show us the people who prize them most, and we point you to those in whom the grace of God is strong and well developed; but where our Missionary work is treated with unsympathetic emotion, its literature neglected, its claims regarded with suspicion, and its resources impoverished, the life of godliness is already stricken with paralysis and a fatal decay.

As, then, the peculiarity of Methodist preaching has been owned of God in keeping alive the Church, so it has been no less owned in securing self-perpetuation. For there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable in this matter than the unity of teaching which belongs to the Methodist pulpit. Let the preacher be who he may— young or old, eloquent, learned, and of superior mental power, or

* In 1779, he was powerfully convinced of sin, and after a time found peace with God. His first efforts to do good were in his own father's house, where he was the honoured instrument of the conversion of his father and other members of the family. In 1781, to the settlers on the Petico-diac River he preached his first sermon. On the 10th November of the same year, he left his home in Amherst committing himself to the guidance of the Head of the Church.—*Vide* "Life," etc., by Rev. M. Richey, D.D., and "History of the Methodist Church in E. B. America," by Rev. T. W. Smith.

of humble parts and quite uncultured utterance—yet there is the same form of doctrine, the same spirit, the same design. Amidst the oft recurring changes in the pastorate, no anxiety exists as to whether the new will be as the old. Here are no schools of variant theology; no discordancy between one day's teaching and another. Go where we may, in Great Britain, in the United States, in Australia, in our own favoured land, or in any of the heathen countries where the pioneer of Christianity is lifting up his voice, and, if we enter a Methodist place of worship, we know that in one or other of its many aspects there is sure to be pressed upon our attention, "the Scriptural way of salvation." And that this has been so from the beginning is the more to be gratefully admired when we think of the changes which have taken place among the creeds of Christendom since Methodism arose.

Some of these creeds, hoary with age, and rigid as cast-iron, have within the last fifty years practically ceased to bind any one—now melting away as ice in the summer, or, flexible as the watch-spring, yielding to the many devices of those who still profess to hold them. Yet it has not been so among us. Not unfrequently have we been taunted with the unsatisfactoriness of our provision for the maintenance of sound doctrine—as having no distinct creed, confession, or standard of theological teaching. What pledge of uniformity, it has been remarked, can there be in Mr. Wesley's four volumes of sermons, and notes upon the New Testament? And yet, what are the facts of the case? Without in the least sacrificing that freedom of thought or speech which are the evidences at once of intellectual and spiritual life, John Wesley's sons and successors in the Gospel, from his own day down to ours, have been characterized by unswerving adherence to the same type and style of Christian doctrine. No community of pastors has had so seldom to arraign or exclude any of its members for departure from the integrity of its faith. And whatever differences may have arisen in the past, sometimes unhappily causing division, a change of belief has had actually nothing to do with them. The distinction has been made wholly on points of discipline; and the very names of the new Churches have attested the sacredness with which they guarded the primary deposit of sound doctrine. They have been called Primitive Methodists in token of their fidelity to what they

deemed the first principles of the very founders of Methodism; or they have chosen the name of Bible Christians, to express their conservatism of the essentials of the faith once for all delivered to the saints. To this fact in the history of Methodism—its unity of doctrine, and the persistency with which, in such trying circumstances, it has clung to and proclaimed it—we question if the Church at large can offer a parallel from the days of the Apostles to the present time. May our future in this respect be even as the past!

II.—Another means of the success of Methodism has been the recognition of Divine Providence, and an earnest endeavour to follow its guidance. It is a truth of great practical value that God is still in the midst of Zion, directing and overruling all things for the security and prosperity of His own cause in the earth. Such a belief is closely allied to faith in the miraculous of former times. Both put honour upon the Word of God, and both are necessary to the attainment of the special gifts of Heaven. They remove mountains, and they lead on through flood, and scorching desert, through conflict and sore trial “into a wealthy place.”

That Mr. Wesley and the leaders in the reformation of the last century acted on the conviction of a special Providence, is matter of certainty; and that we are largely indebted to his action and the force of his example in this respect is equally clear.

Let us take for instance the case of lay preaching. It is well known that under the force of High Church prejudice he was extremely opposed to this at first. When, therefore, he learned that Thomas Maxfield, whom he had left to pray with and to advise the society, had begun to preach, he hastened up to London to put a stop to this irregularity. He was met, however, by his excellent mother who said to him, “John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself.” He took this sensible advice, was convinced of his error, and thenceforth availed himself of one of the most efficient agencies for the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom. And where would Methodism be to-day if John Wesley had only, with sufficient tenacity, clung to what he had regarded as the right method,

because it had been familiar, and the one to which he had been traditionally bound? Into what region of the globe has Methodism found its way without being in some measure, and often in very great degree, indebted to this branch of Christian service? And, we may add, what a noble sphere has thus been opened for the employment of those talents which otherwise, to the shame and confusion of the Church, had been laid away in a napkin!

To a similar providential occurrence do we owe the class-meeting. The preaching-house in Bristol was in debt. Mr. Wesley was too honest to leave it unprovided for, and too shrewd to pay it over and over again in the way of interest, and then have to meet the principal at last. He therefore asked the people to contribute a penny a week for its liquidation, and he appointed certain persons to call upon ten or a dozen weekly and receive their contributions and hand them over to the stewards. The result was that, practically, these collectors became the overseers—the leaders—of those whom they visited. The great advantage of this system impressed Mr. Wesley's mind at once, and forthwith it took shape in the weekly class-meeting, which became, and has since remained an integral part of the Methodist economy. This means of grace has been described as "the germ-cell of Methodism." And it really is so. How could the life of godliness, as we know it, be perpetuated among us without this? Nay, more, how could the various officers of our Church be found, be created, if it were not for the class-meeting? There our prayer-leaders, exhorters, preachers, ministers, and missionaries are first brought to exercise their gifts, and there they are trained for the active work of the Church. Even our whole financial system, on which our churches, schools and colleges are built, and our ministry sustained, strikes its roots here. No class-meeting, no Methodism!

Providentially our founder was led to exercise his right, as a Scriptural bishop, in ordaining elders for the Church of God. This, notwithstanding the storm which it created, and which has not yet quite spent itself, gave solidity to the work begun, and prepared for its extension and permanence in a way that even he could not foresee. Moreover, in our own day it serves to refute the mischievous conceit that John Wesley never contemplated a severance from the Church of England, and that if now alive he would bid us back within its pale.

Led by the same unerring hand, our founder gave earnest attention to the subject of education. His own early training and University career fitted him at once to appreciate and to supply the want of his times. He designed an institution for the benefit of the preachers, but through force of circumstance had to delay. Nevertheless, he originated a seminary for their sons, in which some of the younger men were educated for the ministry. For the rest, he spared no pains to make them workmen needing not to be ashamed. At certain points he gathered them in groups and read divinity with them. He prepared grammars of the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages for their use, and treatises on Philosophy, Rhetoric, and Elocution. By translation and abridgement he sought to put the best works of ancient and modern writers within their reach, and urged upon them careful and continuous study. In all this we see the foundation laid of that vast system of higher education on Christian principles, which has always secured the sympathy of the Methodist people, and which has its representatives in the numerous schools, colleges, and universities of Methodism both of the Old World and of the New.

In other departments of evangelical effort, now happily common, Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors were the pioneers. He provided cheap and wholesome literature for the people—using the printing-press and the publishing-house with a keen perception of their amazing power for good, when worked in the interest of “wisdom and knowledge.” Orphanages, dispensaries, and other charities, were either originated by him, or received a new impetus and direction at his hands.

In like manner his followers have endeavoured to follow the leadings of Providence. Tenaciously maintaining the principles which the New Testament inculcates, they have cherished a spirit of flexibility and ease of adaptation in non-essentials. Let but an open door of usefulness be set before them, and however unexpected, or even at first sight unwelcome, may be the call to enter, still the indications of the Divine hand are regarded as imperative, and the action is taken. It is thus that some of the forms of our ecclesiastical polity have undergone change at different periods in our history, but ordinarily with the result of strength and growth. “God gave the increase.”

III.—The success of Methodism has, we believe, been largely the effect of our Connexional unity.

At the beginning, the societies in London, Bristol, and elsewhere were in no case separate and independent, but "united societies." The pastoral direction of the whole centred in Mr. Wesley, who, however, took counsel with others, in Conference assembled with himself. Before his death he made legal provision for the continuance of this oversight on the part of the Conference, in regard to the entire body. The authority implied in this relation was not unfrequently challenged during Mr. Wesley's life-time. He always replied that it was not matter of personal ambition, but was providentially devolved upon him, and its exercise was necessary to his fulfilment of the trust which he held from the Head of the Church. Posterity has ratified the wisdom of his course. Differences of administration have marked the several Churches of Methodism up to the present time, but, with the most inconsiderable exceptions, the Connexional system has been adopted in them all.* The Apostle's figure of the human body has been kept in view, and, individuals, classes, congregations, all have been taught that they are "members one of another," and that if one member suffer or rejoice, all the others suffer or rejoice with it. .

This connexional unity has many advantages :

It provides for the purity and efficiency of the ministry. Every year, as is well known, the character and work of each minister and preacher on trial are subjected to examination before the united pastorate. Here is a guarantee for the security of soundness of doctrine, and of thorough devotion, such as no other denomination of Christians, that we know of, possesses.

So again the condition and claims of every part of the Connexion are annually brought up for review. The smallest and poorest circuit is considered and cared for, as well as the largest and richest.

It is thus also that the itinerancy as a system is provided for, and a maximum of advantages secured at a minimum sacrifice. On the one hand no Methodist congregation is ever without a minister, and on the other, no minister is ever under the necessity of traversing the country in search of a church. It must be a grief to any godly man to see churches, often large and

* An example of a Congregational Church with the name of Wesley prefixed to it, but having a very short history, will be fresh to the memory of many of our readers.

influential, without a settled pastor for months and even for years, and dependent for their supply of Gospel ordinances upon the visit of strangers, or the aid of other denominations; but such an experience is unknown among us. The smallest congregation, in school-room or immigrant's cottage, from the time it is put upon "the plan" has a continuous and stated pastorate. This system, too, tends to promote the vitality of religion by the distribution which it makes of ministerial agency. If one man is eminently useful, why should a given locality monopolize his services? His eloquence of speech, or affectionate and unremitting diligence in pastoral visitation, or skill in the building of churches or in the removing of debts, are simply reasons why he should be passed round for the benefit of the largest number. Or if the infirmity of our common humanity should at any time interfere with his acceptableness, is it not better that his relation to this place should terminate naturally, rather than that with painful efforts to both parties he should either be thrust out, or should fasten himself in?

In regard to the general work of the Church, the Connexional principle is of great value. The stronger congregations are taught to look not on their own things merely, but also on the things of others, and to assist in carrying forward the work of the Lord in localities weak or destitute. In these very places, again, our people are instructed that, on the principles of gratitude and self-reliance, they ought to rise as soon as may be to the position of independence, so that the bounty of the Church may be set free for more necessitous cases. Meanwhile, all are asked, as they are able, to contribute to the support of those departments of the work for which a general effort is imperatively required. Our Missionary, Educational, Sabbath-school, Church and Parsonage Erection, and Worn-Out Ministers' Funds, have a claim upon every Methodist, and by stated arrangement are brought before all our people year by year. It is true that in this respect we have not yet attained all that we might; but it is equally true that but for this system we never could have reached the position which at present we occupy. To this we owe the stability without which our progress had been impossible, and the progress without which our stability would really have been of no value.

"All the body, being supplied and knit together through the joints and bands, increaseth with the increase of God." (Col. 11. 19, R. V.)

IV.—We must notice, finally, as one of the means of our success in the past, the teaching which Methodism has embodied and enforced respecting the consecration of money. In this also Mr. Wesley may be said to have introduced a transforming influence into public sentiment, the effects of which the human race is rejoicing to feel more and more every day. Up to this time the union of the State with the Church had operated most disastrously upon the spirit of Christian beneficence. The ministrations of religion were provided for the people by the Government of the country, and consequently they were left without any motive to help themselves, or others, in this particular. The conception of that glorious privilege to which St. Paul refers, when he quoted the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was not only absent from the general Christian consciousness of that period, but appeared to be shut out from the possibility of entering it. Mr. Wesley aimed at putting this matter in its true Scriptural aspect. Himself a pattern of diligence, frugality, and benevolence, he sounded forth the old apostolic doctrine on this subject, till the soul of England was stirred to its depths. Amidst the ponderous divinity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, where shall we find anything upon this topic approaching to the expository excellence or the forcible appeals of his sermons, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," or on "Riches," or "The danger of increasing riches." The last-named was written only about six months before his death, and is remarkable as showing the value which he attached to this theme, up to the very last. Even now it is far from being behind the age. We could wish that it were read in every Methodist congregation at least once in every year; as, in addition to stimulating many to desire liberal things, it would show to all how unreasonable are the objections to the modern claims for systematic liberality.

Mr. Wesley did more. He set in operation that system of finance which has enabled a comparatively poor people to maintain and extend their organization to the ends of the earth. His principles were, that all members of the Methodist societies should contribute, and that each ought to do so according to the

ability which God had given. He made it obligatory upon his preachers to "explain the reasonableness of this;" and for this they had a still more excellent precedent: 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2; 2 Cor. viii. 11, 12.

Our system of finance has often been extolled by others, and not seldom adopted in various details by them. What has been the result? A hundred years ago there was no British and Foreign, nor American, Bible Society; no Baptist Missionary Society, no London Missionary Society, no Church Missionary Society, no American Board of Foreign Missions, no American Missionary Society. But since then all these have come into existence, and many unnamed besides, which are now diffusing the blessings of Christianity and civilization among the most widely-scattered nations of the earth, and by their reflex benefits adding blessings a thousand-fold more to those who support them. It may serve the purpose of worldly men, or thoughtless if not niggardly professors of religion, to decry all this as so much waste of wealth; but we may be sure that in this day of keen scrutiny of ledgers and balance sheets, the Christian public would not persevere in giving such large sums, and in increasing them, unless they knew that in the best sense it paid them to do so. Slowly, indeed, but steadily, is the Church militant learning the first notes of the song of the Church triumphant, "*Worthy is the Lamb, to receive riches!*" But no man is able to learn that song, save he "*who is redeemed from the earth.*" Those who cannot appreciate at its full value the blessing of salvation, must not repine if they cannot rejoice, as the angels do, over "*one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance.*" We live in eventful, and even glorious times. There have been occasions for mourning in our midst—seasons of disaffection, and of the weakening and scattering of our forces. A new era has dawned. Now is the time of reconciliation, of unification, of "*the comfort of love,*" and of "*the fellowship of the Spirit.*" It is something for which to be more than ordinarily grateful, that in Canada the first attempt at union between separate branches of the Methodist Church has been made; and that this having proved successful further efforts in the same direction have recently been added. It is cause for still higher gratification that those efforts have been so generally approved by the various bodies of Methodism in the

Dominion; and outlying stations; and we cannot doubt but that, by the good hand of our God being still upon us for good, we shall see the union happily effected, and its encouraging results outstripping far not only the fears of some, but the most sanguine hopes of all others. Yet with new adaptations of our ecclesiastical machinery, we must abide by the same principles as of old. The spirit of life must be in "the wheels," or they will revolve in vain. Our preaching must be of the revival order, based upon the Word of God, aiming at present saving effects, and not satisfied without them. We must have faith in God's providence too, and be prepared to enter every door of holy enterprise set before us; nor must we faint in the day of adversity, being satisfied that out of fire or out of water, He will bring us into a wealthy place. Our Connexionalism we can never suffer to be lost or injured. If that is weak nothing else can make us strong. It is the great antidote to congregational exclusiveness, and the principle of vitality in the work of church extension. And we must maintain and develop the power of systematic beneficence. So far are we from having attained the proper standard in this respect, that as a people we are only beginning to learn that Christianity has a standard, and that it supplies motives, even in this money-loving age, to enable us joyously to reach it. If we look at what the world wastes, we may learn how great are the resources of the Church; if we look at what the world needs, we may see a field of toil before us, and around us, "white already to harvest;" and if we look at what the Lord Himself—"both theirs and ours"—has done for the world, we may be borne away to devotion and service such as the Church has yet rarely seen. Then, casting ourselves and our feeble efforts upon the merit of the Redeemer's sacrifice, we may rest assured that "God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

THE purer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

AT LAST;
OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

"ERROL, are you engaged this evening? I want you to go somewhere for me."

"Where?" was the listless reply.

It was an unusually warm day in May, and Errol did not feel inclined for exertion of any kind. Ericson had been walking restlessly up and down the room, stopping for a minute by the window to re-read a note.

"This was brought to me just now," he said, flinging it on the table, "and I cannot go. Will you?"

Errol took it up daintily between his thumb and finger, and, holding it at a safe distance, read the contents.

"Who is Meg?" he asked, as he concluded.

"One of my patients," said Ericson. "Will you go for me?"

"But, my dear fellow, if the woman is dying, as this epistle says, won't it be better for her to see you than a complete stranger?"

"I cannot go."

"Oh, well, of course, if you really cannot, I will. Where does she live? Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, I'll be bound. Hadn't I better take a body-guard?"

"You will be safe enough," said Ericson, resuming his restless walk. "Just keep your valuables out of sight."

"Where are you off to this evening?"

"It is not because I am engaged that I want you to go for me."

Errol looked up, with an elevation of his eye-brows, showing a slight touch of surprise. "Anything up?"

"Plenty of things," said Ericson, shortly. "Don't ask any questions, Charlie; there's a good fellow. I cannot go, and that is enough."

"Oh, all right; I'll go. But if I'm murdered, or otherwise ill-treated, remember, you are responsible."

"I'll carry the news to your despairing relatives. Would you like to make your will?"

With careless, laughing words they parted, and Ericson went to keep a long-standing promise to take Winnie to the Doré Gallery.

There were not many visitors there that day, and, placing Winnie on a lounge before the great picture, he strolled round the room.

"Oh, Philip!" cried Winnie, as he sat down beside her. "Tell me all about it; please tell me. I want to know who they all are. It is Christ leaving the Prætorium, isn't it? Are those men at the top, who look so stern, the chief priests? And oh, Philip! look at that dreadful face down there! He is crying 'Crucify Him! crucify Him!' isn't he?"

"Very likely. Do you see the Marys?"

"Are those the Marys? That soldier will cut her arm!"

Evidently the picture was a living reality to the child's imaginative mind. Philip looked at her curiously. "Do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes—no! I like *Him*. Philip, He isn't angry."

"He does not look angry," answered Ericson, critically surveying the beautiful face of the world's Redeemer.

"What is He looking at?" asked the child, in a hushed voice. "What can He see?"

"The cross, perhaps," he answered, absently.

"But there is something glad in His eyes; that isn't the cross, Philip."

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame," murmured a tremulous voice behind them. It was an old lady, who was gazing with rapt eyes. She did not speak to Winnie; the words were only uttered thoughts, but they gave an answer to the child's question.

"Is it the joy He can see?" she whispered, drawing closer to Ericson.

"What joy?" he said, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"The joy set before Him. What does it mean? what is the joy, Philip?"

Ah! what indeed? it was a question he could not answer. What joy could compensate for the awful agony of Calvary, giving strength to endure its utmost torture?

They rose and left the picture, and he took her round the gallery. Before leaving, they turned for one more look at the lonely figure on the Prætorium steps—lonely, though surrounded by multitudes.

"It was so dear and good of you to bring me, Philip! I shall never, never forget it," said Winifred.

They found James leaning against the door in his usual careless attitude, expressive of a general don't-want-to-do-anything-ness. "Here's a nice house!" he grumbled; "everybody's out? I've been standing here the last half-hour, wondering if I hadn't better apply to the police. Where have you been?"

"Sight-seeing, that is all. I am trying to cultivate your sister's artistic taste. Are you coming my way? It is a glorious evening."

It was a glorious evening. On the bridge they paused, watching the rippling waters gleam, and sparkle, and flash in the gorgeous light; even the dingy buildings on either side partook of the general baptism.

James drew a long breath. "Such an evening as this puts new life into one. This is not such a bad world in itself, after all, Eric."

"If we could put everything beyond the present out of our calculations, we should manage to exist in it very comfortably."

James shrugged his shoulders. "Where is Errol? I expected him round early this evening; have you seen him?"

"He has gone to see one of my patients for me."

"A free-gratis-for-nothinger? Why didn't you go yourself? I particularly wanted to see Charlie this evening."

"You will see him, I dare say; he will not be there very long. I could not go myself, Daryll; the woman was dying."

James glanced quickly up; he understood the words perfectly. Neither he nor Ericson felt that he dared stand again by a dying bed. The memory of Roper was yet vivid and fresh. They parted at the hospital, and James went on alone. All unknown to both, Errol was exercising a powerful influence over him. Formerly they had every taste in common, and their paths had run parallel. They had kept pace in their professional studies, shared the same interests, sought the same goal. Hitherto the current of their lives had flowed smoothly on in one direction; now they had diverged. He knew the cause, and in his heart

deeply resented the change. Every time he saw Errol's face, with its peculiarly settled expression, telling of content with his chosen path, he experienced a feeling of almost anger—of irritation, certainly. What was the difference which time was only more clearly developing between them? Had they not been chosen friends—dear as brothers? And now they were slowly, but surely, drifting apart.

"Ah, well!" he muttered; "Ericson is still the same, that's one comfort." But even while he spoke he had an uncomfortable consciousness that Ericson was not the same; that since the night by Roper's bed a change had come over him; and his refusal to visit his dying patient was but a sign of an internal conflict. "Why cannot we live our life and have done with it? There is nothing so much to make a bother about, after all. If one were only sure of annihilation after death!" How many have uttered those words! men who spurn from them God's one grand, priceless gift of immortality. "It seems to me there is more trouble and worry than anything else. There is Ericson growing misanthropical under the burden of an unanswerable problem. Confound it! what is the good of thinking and thinking till one's brain is in a whirl? If God knows everything, as they say He does, why doesn't He show us the answer? And here is Errol turning his back upon old friends, and gliding off into an Elysium of Utopian dreams. Dear old Charlie! Well, you have deliberately chosen your lot, and I must say you seem uncommonly well satisfied with it. Dreams, Charlie, dreams!"

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.

Scarcely to the point, though, seeing that your illusion is concerning another world. Well, I don't know but what you have the best of it, after all."

He walked moodily on, and the glory departed out of the sky, leaving it cold, and grey, and lifeless.

CHAPTER XII.

It was getting late when Errol called to tell Ericson of the death of his patient.

"She was very much disappointed that you did not go. I told her you could not, but she was not satisfied."

"She was sensible, then?"

"Yes, quite so at first, and talked rationally enough, though they said she had been wandering all day. Eric, attending such cases is the most painful part of our professional duties. God grant I may never be called to pass through such a scene again."

"Did she suffer much?"

"Not physically, perhaps, but ——" He stopped abruptly, his lip quivering with suppressed feeling. "I cannot help it, Ericson," he said, hastily rising and pacing the room. "You may think it childish, but the sight I have seen to-night might unnerve a stronger nature than mine."

"A common enough sight," said Ericson, bitterly. "That is why I could not—would not go, Charlie. I knew what sort of a life that woman had led, and I knew she was dying. What could I have said or done for her?"

A sudden light flashed into Errol's eyes, and he turned quickly round. "What could I say more than you?"

"Your religion professes to teach people how to die."

"*Professes!* If you believe it to be only *profession*, why did you send me to that dying woman? Ericson, for the sake of our time-tried friendship, answer me truly. Do you believe it to be an empty profession?"

He laid his hand with an almost boyish gesture of entreaty on Ericson's shoulder, and for a moment they looked at each other in silence. From any other man on the face of the earth Ericson would have turned angrily away; but Errol's honest eyes looked down into his with a tenderness that checked the words upon his lips. It is not often that men show tenderness to men. Only in times of deep feeling does the language of the heart reveal itself by word or look; even then they think it needs some apology.

All the old trust and confidence in his boyhood's and man-

hood's friend rose up with redoubled force, and impelled Ericson's answer: "I *cannot* believe it to be mere empty profession. Charlie, I would give all I possess to see God as you see Him!"

There was no mistaking the ring of passionate feeling in his voice, and Errol absolutely started. Though he had been praying, and waiting, and hoping for this since the autumn, it came upon him, as such things ever do, with a sense of unreality. A silence fell upon them, and at last Ericson spoke: "What certainty have you that you have found the one true God? How do you know that you are not deceiving yourself?"

It was a question involving in its answer the whole security of a Christian's hope; but that answer was ready: "'The Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, shall testify of Me.' 'The Spirit witnesseth with our spirits.'"

"But is that inward witness, as it is called, a sufficient warrant for absolute security and trust?"

"It not only warrants, but compels trust. What else has led men and women, and even little children, to undergo the fires of persecution? What else could give that feeling of utter safety which makes people regardless, to a certain extent, of all this world can bring? It is the consciousness of a Father's overruling hand which takes away the bitter sting from earthly trouble. His love is ever present."

Ericson gave an impatient movement. "I fail to see the love, Charlie. Of course you will point to the cross—granted the love there—but what has that to do with God? He did not die."

"But it was the Father's love that gave the sacrifice. Was not Christ His own dearly loved Son? Surely you can see that it was as much for God to allow that death on the cross as it was for Christ to suffer it! Just take your own feelings. Which would give you the greater pain—to suffer yourself, or to see the one you loved best on earth suffer?"

"I would rather suffer myself," replied Ericson, shortly.

"And are you more tender than the heart of God?"

Long into the night Ericson sat pondering those words. When Errol uttered them they touched him with strange power; and as he thought, they gathered increased force and meaning. "The heart of God!" It was a totally new idea. Was it possible that the Almighty could feel tenderness, love, for not only His own Son, but for a human soul? He could not believe it.

Before him persistently rose the one life-long prevailing vision of God as a stern, uncompromising Judge. The very word "heart," in connection with such a being, seemed a mockery.

Whether it were a dream, or only the intensity of his feelings giving reality to his imagination, he never knew; but as he sat, with head bowed upon his hands, he seemed suddenly to stand at the foot of the Prætorium steps. Round him on every side pressed the angry crowd. Arms were uplifted in vehement gesture; lips moved, and eyes flashed in threatening wrath; yet not a sound was heard. A deep silence had fallen on the swaying throng.

Midway on the steps stood the solitary figure of the condemned Saviour, with that far-off expression on His face, and as Ericson gazed in wonderment, there came, with strange distinctness, the whispered question, "What is the joy, Philip?"

The crowd parted, and, led by an unseen hand, he mounted the steps, till he stood by the Redeemer's side. Beneath him were stretched the eager, restless multitudes; but after one shuddering glance he heeded them not, but turned to gaze in the direction of the far-off look in the Saviour's eyes.

On a distant hill, a giant cross reared its lofty head to the very heavens, and, black as midnight, stood out in strong relief against the sky beyond.

Again came the sweet, childish voice, "What is the joy, Philip?"

"The joy!" he echoed; "is there any joy in the cross?"

But, even as he spoke, the clouds began to break and disappear, leaving the sky one sea of pure ethereal light. Brighter it grew, till he scarce could bear it, when suddenly a broad ray of dazzling light flashed down to the very foot of the cross. He raised his hand with a gesture of pain, but let it fall as a voice beside him whispered, "This is the joy." Up from the cross thronged an innumerable host—martyrs, with blood-stained garments; crusaders, kings, and hoary-headed saints, with glory shining round their brows; stalwart men, women, and fair-haired girls; little children, uplifting stainless hands! On they pressed, and down from the gleaming heavens swept a countless myriad of radiant white-winged angels—met and mingled, and from their midst arose the glad, triumphant shout, "Lift up your

heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

"Who is this King of Glory?" came floating down from the crystal waves of light; and back swelled the jubilant, exultant answer, "The Lord of Hosts. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame. He is the King of Glory!"

The spell of silence was broken. Up the Prætorium steps thronged the infuriated rabble. Swords flashed in the golden light, and the air rang with curses, and imprecations loud and deep. Cries of "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" "His blood be on us and on our children!" mingled with the distant Hallelujahs, and in the wild confusion Ericson started up, every nerve thrilling with excitement.

The clock on the mantel was striking two, and the seal of night's solemn silence lay upon the land. He looked round the room, for a moment bewildered by the sudden change from noisy turbulence to utter quiet and repose. Going to the window, he threw it open, and leaned out. London was asleep, and all was hushed and still. Suddenly the echoes of the deserted street were awakened by approaching footsteps. They came nearer—passed; four men, with a heavy burden. Accustomed to such sights, Ericson knew its meaning, and taking his hat, followed to the hospital.

Down the long corridor, in obedience to the summons, came the students in residence—some anxious to witness a fresh triumph of science, some grumbling and shivering in the cool night air; but once in the operating theatre, all were silent, watchful, alert.

It was a strange case; the man—a pointsman on the line—had caught his left foot in the points, and to save his life had been forced to throw himself in a peculiar position, holding to the rail with his right hand, over which, and the left foot, the train had passed.

In a short time all that science could effect was done, and he was removed to one of the wards. Ericson stood by the bed, looking down upon the unconscious sufferer with dreamy eyes. How long he had been there he had no idea, when he was aroused and brought back to the present by the entrance of a woman

Kneeling down by the bed, she burst into a paroxysm of almost noiseless, hysterical sobs. The man's wounded arm was lying outside the coverlet, and again and again she pressed her lips lightly to the bandages.

"Hush!" said Ericson gently; "you will disturb him."

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "will he die?"

The sound of her voice aroused the slumbering consciousness, and slowly and feebly drawing his left hand from under the clothes, the poor fellow stretched it towards her, murmuring, in broken gasps, "I can grasp—you—with this—yet—my darling."

She broke again into a convulsive sob, but immediately checked it, and laid her head on the pillow. From time to time she touched the bronzed face with her lips, and murmured low words which Ericson could not hear. A restless curiosity seized him to know what she was saying—what comfort she could give at such a time—if God were there. Stepping noiselessly round, he stood unnoticed by her side.

"I know the pain is hard to bear John—dreadfully hard! but God knows; He will help you."

A long interval of silence.

"Dear husband, think of His love—how He suffered on Calvary! He won't desert you now. He is *here*!"

That old story of the Cross, would it never lose its power? Was that one atonement to stand throughout the ages? As years rolled by would it ever shed its radiant light?

Every fibre in Ericson's being thrilled with a new, strange feeling. Was this the God from whom he had proudly stood aloof—this God, whose resistless tide of love had swept throughout the length and breadth of the land, claiming all mankind as blood-bought heirs to His own glorious kingdom? For the first time in his life he saw God as He really was. The Divine Fatherhood was no longer an inscrutable enigma, and his whole nature throbbed with the glad, exultant consciousness—"God is love." "I claim my sonship! Am I not Thine own? I give Thee my allegiance, Father." The word was spoken, and with it his heart bowed in reverence and love. The scales had fallen. An inheritor of the kingdom he stood on God's earth—no longer an alien from the sacred commonwealth, but an acknowledged son of the Father. The weary, restless longing for a grasp of eternal truth was satisfied at last, and God stood revealed in the beauty of His holiness.

But with all the exultation came saddening memories of the past—memories of men whom he had seen die, without speaking one word of the great Atonement; men whom his example had stimulated to a more complete and reckless disregard of God's laws; and he bowed his head in deep humility. "The wrong I have done can never be undone! Father, my future is in Thy hands; teach me what Thou wouldst have me to do. Oh, remember not past years!"

"When God forgives, He *forgets*." Where had he heard it? Ah, he remembered—on the night of Roper's death, and then with a sudden rush came the preacher's words, "And while he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Such is the Father's *forgiveness*!

BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of thought
Still unattained the land it sought,
My mind, with loosely hanging sails,
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,
The ocean stretches like a floor,—
A level floor of amethyst,
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!
Shake and uplift this golden glow!
And fill the canvas of the mind!
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel
The straining sail, the lifting keel,
The life of the awakening sea,
Its motion and its mystery.

LABRADOR AND ITS MISSIONS.

BY CYRIL.

WE have often thought that a professional writer, with the aid of his sketch-book, might present a very readable article on Labrador to the readers of any one of the many periodicals that now cater for the public benefit. If romantic scenery and thrilling adventures on land and sea would furnish material for such an article, then there is enough and to spare in Labrador. As it is not within the scope of this paper to furnish the reader with a description of the Alpine scenery found where icebergs are being continually made and launched into the broad Atlantic, and where the seal, walrus, bear, and whale revel in undisturbed solitude, we leave the subject, however tempting, to more practiced pens.

Among Labrador missions and missionaries, the Moravians claim our first attention. They were the first to attempt the work of Christianizing the Esquimaux. At the onset Pastor T. C. Erhardt was killed by the natives, and it was not until 1771 that the Moravians succeeded in establishing the station at Nain; in the ten following years, Okak and Hopedale were founded. Many difficulties were encountered, as the natives were of a roving and thriftless disposition. Eventually a very extensive revival took place, and Christianity became the religion of the Esquimaux; for the natives living north of Hopedale, Hebron was founded; a few pagans north of that remained, and in 1871 Rama was established for their benefit. Famine and disease has done much to lessen the population. In 1870 the numbers were: Nain, 239; Okak, 339; Hopedale, 250; Hebron, 219; and Zoar 109 souls; the number of missionaries and attendants were 45. The number is less than ever to-day. It has long since been found necessary for the missionaries to take charge of the temporal welfare of the natives, owing in part to their thriftlessness which often involved them in hunger and sometimes famine, and also because of the introduction of liquor and other injurious articles by traders and fishermen from America.

At present this northern portion of Labrador presents a wide contrast to the southern section, where the destitution of churches

and schools is well nigh complete. Among the Moravian settlements there is every evidence of Christian teaching. Churches and schools with their concomitants are found; Bibles, hymn-books, and other literature, in the native tongue, are circulated among the natives. It is refreshing to hear the melodies of Sankey's tunes sung to their own hymns. Their services are conducted with the utmost decorum—the men sitting on one side, the women on the other—and all joining in the service with a devotion, earnestness and heartiness that would rejoice the soul of any Methodist. Such a state of things is a lasting monument to the zeal and love of the missionaries who have devoted their lives to the preaching the Gospel on such a desolate shore, amidst so many privations and discomforts. Nor do the Moravians confine their attention to the natives solely; in the summer season the spiritual wants of the fishermen who visit that part are thought of, tracts and books are distributed in abundance, Bibles are sold, and every Sabbath divine services are held in the English tongue for the especial benefit of the fishermen. Thus it is that these God-fearing men are scattering the seed of the kingdom, and, as we can testify, in some cases not in vain.

We have already hinted concerning the lack of such religious privileges on the southern part of Labrador. The settlers on this section are mostly Newfoundlanders who have been drawn by commercial interests to the many trading-posts established on the coast. Around these have gathered quite a number who found it difficult to gain a livelihood on the Island of Newfoundland, owing to repeated failures in the fisheries. So we find scores of families driven by stern necessity to this bleak and barren coast—deprived of nearly every mark of Christianity, if not of civilization. There are hundreds of children who never saw either a school or church. But the reader must not think that everybody has neglected them, for Romanism and Ritualism have left their footprints in many places. The writer has met with men and women who were cradled in Methodism, but, owing to the absence of a minister, the Romish priest baptized their children, and that was soon succeeded by the parents being also baptized. Intermarriage is another gate through which many have left the Church of their fathers. Here is a case where Methodism has been napping and the enemy sowing tares.

For a number of years the coast, in the summer season, was

visited by a minister, as long as he could be spared, from one of the Newfoundland circuits; but such a mode of working has long since been pronounced to be both unsatisfactory and insufficient. For the past five years a Methodist missionary has been stationed at Red Bay, in the Straits of Belle Isle. Westward of Red Bay there is a coast of about fifty or sixty miles including a large number of settlements, large and small. The permanent settlers on this coast are numerous, and in the summer months greatly augmented by the fishermen who resort thither from different parts. But, unfortunately for the Red Bay Mission, the missionary is expected to cruise the Labrador coast northward in the summer months, involving a voyage of several hundreds of miles, visiting hundreds of harbours and coves. It is gratifying to those who have laboured there in the past—and to others—to know that the mission boat will greatly facilitate the labours of the missionary, and the generous grant of the General Board of Missions towards working this boat has greatly helped this work. The missionary can now take with him a good stock of books, papers, and tracts, and he needs a cargo of them to distribute among the thousands he meets with on that coast. Moreover, he now has a home of his own whenever he visits any of the many harbours where there is scarcely a house fit to dwell in. It is worthy of remark that the Red Bay Mission fulfils the most sanguine hopes of all who have taken an interest in it, and the Missionary Committee has been receiving urgent requests that a man might be stationed at a port further north—an event that must soon take place.

The work of a missionary consists in visiting from house to house and holding preaching services wherever he can. And this house to house work has brought to our notice some of the saddest and most heart-rending scenes. We find again and again families where the Word of God is not only never read, but there is not a copy of it to be found. We remember going into a house and asking for a Bible, in order to read a portion; the good wife brought, out of box, a book carefully wrapped in a linen cloth, supposing it was the sacred Word. Upon taking it we discovered it was a novel. The story was soon told; the poor woman had saved a shilling or two, and went on board a Halifax tender to buy a Bible; the rascal there took the money and gave her the novel for a Bible. Not knowing any better, the

woman kept it in her box for use whenever any one would come along to read the Bible for her. Upon another occasion we remember entering a house; the mother was pacing the floor in great distress, two lovely little children lying asleep, and two others, older, were playing with some boards. On the dresser was an open Bible. The mother's story was this: she had been brought up religiously in her home in Carbonear, Newfoundland; attended day and Sabbath-school, was converted to God, but in later years fell away; "and," said she, "here I am trying to rear these dear children where there is neither school nor church, nor any kind of meeting, and where the Sabbath is not observed but by drinking and carousing." Who would not sympathize with her! And there are hundreds of such cases to be seen on the Labrador coast.

In addition to the regular settlers, who are increasing in numbers every year, there is the innumerable company of fishing craft that resort to the Labrador fishery. It is not until one has been among them, going from harbour to harbour, that we realize what a mass of humanity—men, women, and children—is afloat in those vessels. You will meet with almost every nationality and creed under the sun. Among the sailors we find men who have preached the Gospel, but have—to use the words of one of them—"gone to the dogs;" young men are found there who ran away from home, and now find sailor-life is not all sunshine. At the close of a service we held on the deck of an American schooner, a fair-haired young lad came to shake hands with us, the tears were running down his cheeks. "It makes me think of home, sir," said he; "my mother is a class-leader in the Old Country." A few days after that this lad of many prayers and tears gave his heart to God, and asked us to write home and tell the news. Another time we went aboard an American fishing craft. The crew was gone, the captain was alone. He told his story; he had lost much money, and now was going home without fish, and ruin was inevitable. The poor fellow was in great distress. We talked, read the Bible, and prayed with him; he seemed relieved. Afterward we heard, from his wife, that when he went aboard he was meditating suicide. Our visit saved him. He had been a godly man once; success in money-getting led him astray, now loss was driving him to despair. Eventually he gave his heart to God, and the words we read and spoke had something to do with his change of life.

In the foregoing incidents we have given but a poor idea of the kind and amount of work to be accomplished by a regularly stationed missionary on Labrador. It is worthy of remark, that on some of our Newfoundland Circuits after a revival, it is found necessary to keep the new converts "on trial" for at least one summer, to see if they survive the temptations of the Labrador fishing voyage. Nor can we wonder it is so, when we know what a life these people must lead during the summer months, without any means of grace. The stationing of a missionary on the coast would, in a great measure, counteract the adverse influences brought to bear upon our Church members, young and old.

Our space is well-nigh spent and our story not half told. We would fain say a few words concerning the necessity of *not* counting the Labrador among domestic missions. The cost of living, and the wear and tear of clothing, with the entirely missionary character of the work entitles this section of our work, to all the consideration that the Indian Missions have. There are men in the Newfoundland Conference who have toiled hard in this sphere of labour, and have come back with a crushing deficiency. The results of their work cannot be tabulated as in most other cases; it is purely a work of faith and labour of love, but none the less urgent. God has owned and honoured this work by the presence of His Holy Spirit. Sometimes on the crowded deck of a fishing smack, or in a rude fishing stage, or in a sod house with scarce light enough to see the sacred page, stalwart men have bowed in penitence at the cross of Jesus, men who before led sinful lives have arisen from their knees saying, "By God's grace I will live a better life. Pray for me." Many a time when nearly worn out with toil and exposure, seeing the tears coursing down the cheeks of weather-beaten faces has enabled us to thank God and take courage. And though it was not our privilege to preach in costly churches but glad to get a pulpit and congregation anywhere we have rejoiced in the thought that we were doing something towards rearing that spiritual temple that will endure through eternal ages.

Hearts' Content, Newfoundland.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY REV. J. R. JAKES, D.D., PH.D.,

President of Albert University, Belleville.

IN theory, the argument for Woman's Suffrage, beginning with the most simple and self-evident principles, ascends to all the height of an infinite argument. The logic is all on the side of the reformers. No one can long withstand a well-armed woman suffragist. All the weapons of the armoury of Truth are at the disposal of the champion of Woman's Suffrage. But with all this power of truth on its side, the cause still meets many prejudices and hinderances, some of which it may be well to consider.

1. The furious zeal of certain unwomanly women, who would retard any cause they might advocate, has been a great obstacle to this reform.

It is the misfortune of all moral, political, and Church reforms, to be always well-nigh wrecked at the outset by a certain kind of advocates, who are personally and constitutionally offensive. These persons, by a fell fate, or by their perverse nature, thrust themselves forward as the self-appointed champions of every good reform in Church or State—and, provoking opposition to their unbearable words and ways, they soon turn the opposition against the reform itself. It were better for the cause if all such persons were on the other side—for they would help to scatter and disorganize all opposition to the good cause.

The Woman Suffrage movement has need of much vital energy to survive the killing effect of some of its earlier feminine advocates. Daniel Webster is said to have affirmed that Christianity proved itself something more than human by bearing the ordeal of being preached out of the old fashioned high pulpits which would kill any lawyer's pleading or anything less than the Gospel. We may say with equal propriety that the Woman Suffrage Reform shows its inherent immortality, by living on in spite of its bad treatment by mischievous advocates.

2. Another hinderance of this reform has been the vague

suspicion that it means the elevation of political life above domestic life in usefulness and dignity. But surely no real friend of this reform will exalt political life by degrading domestic life. Political life has a dignity and grandeur all its own, and needs not the petty expedient of belittling domestic life. That cause is surely a bad cause that needs to be built up on the ridicule or ruin of domestic life. Granted that political life is woman's true sphere. So is domestic life woman's true sphere. There need be no controversy with those who exalt the throne of woman in the home. Woman is not seeking a throne when she seeks to exercise her God-given powers outside of the home. She has a throne of royalty in the home, and is never more queenly than when on that throne. But there is a province outside the home which ought to feel the power of that throne.

If she has a sphere in the home, that sphere is but a hemisphere—and her mighty sceptre is needed in the realm of politics to tranquilize the tumult of masculine passion. If woman were in danger of being won away from the empire of home, by going to deposit a vote or to hold an office for which she might be fit, it were better that the advocates of Woman's Suffrage were drowned in the depths of the sea.

If this reform cannot be effected without bringing contempt on the beauties and duties of wifehood and motherhood, then it were better that it remain in the realm of dire dreams.

We have no rhetoric to describe the woes that await our loved land when contempt of the high sanctity of home shall be fashionable. But the true friends of this movement spurn such arguments and such championship. Heaven only knows how much the sacred cause of truth has been wounded by such advocates in Church and State. Not because woman loves home less, but because she loves it more—she would and should use the broad shield of suffrage to guard the sanctity of that home.

3. Another hinderance of this cause is the false fear that the enfranchisement of woman will force woman to vote or hold office.

If giving woman freedom to vote shall make her a slave to voting or to office, it would be freedom but in name. When this reform is effected, woman can vote or not, just as her taste

or sense of duty or the circumstances may seem to dictate. It would be a dark day in the history of our country if woman should generally seek civil office. If office-seeking has become the bane of men, it might soon become the worse bane of women. It is time to have done with all this feverish thirst for the brief honour of civil office. It is time that men learn that to be out of office and yet worthy of office, is better than to hold office unworthily; that it is better that people wonder why we are not in office than to wonder why we are in office; in short, that it is better to be right than to be Prime Minister.

Now, while most women have not the taste for judicial, legislative, or executive office, there are some that have the taste; and when their fellow-citizens decide by vote, that they have not only the taste, but the most eminent talent for such office, I claim that no earthly competitor has the right to take that woman's throne, if he has no other qualification than that he is not a woman. This is our position. Believing that the greatest disaster would be the general rush of our women into politics, we also believe it is a crime to deny woman the right to vote or hold office when she is moved by good sense and conscience to speak, vote, or act, for the good or salvation of her country.

1. The right of franchise will be a culture to woman.

With all the objectionable features of political campaigns and political life—and they are many—political life stimulates thought, and is a kind of culture that is not to be despised. While no one can measure the moral degradation caused by the slang and slander of the political press and platform, no one can measure the mental discipline—the awakening of mind—that our political life generates. Many of the questions of civil government are adapted to interest, develop and exalt the human mind. They call the mind away from the selfish cares of our narrow lives, and turn the attention to distant and national interests—lifting men from the little toward the sublime—from the petty, personal interests, to grand and patriotic duties. Now, if this is a culture for man, it is no less a culture of women.

But it may be replied that woman, without suffrage, is free to study these great political questions, and gain all the culture she may need. Very true; but do men study intricate subjects or details of business or science in which they never

expect to bear a personal part? Now in this culture—this broadening of woman's view—is one of the great benefits of woman's enfranchisement. The lowest level of woman which we propose to contemplate at this time, is the fashionable woman—the woman who aims at nothing more than to be admired, or noticed. The typical woman of our watering-places or large city hotels, is perhaps the most pitiful specimen of the merely fashionable woman. The chief end of such a woman is to dress so as to tease the most women and stun the most men. These are the idle, vain, light-headed, jealous, silly women, without literary culture or noble aspirations. These are the fruit of quickly-gotten gold and hotel life—where woman is waited upon till she degenerates into helplessness, listlessness and littleness.

Dr. Holland, in a magazine article, proposed to remedy or prevent this disaster to our women, by “universal house-keeping.” We accept the suggestion with one amendment: “Universal house-keeping and universal suffrage.”

We admit the beautiful, bracing effect of domestic life on woman, in giving her a routine of duty—something to think of besides dress and display. Home contains all the elements of happiness—if happiness has been correctly defined as “something to love, something to do, and something to hope for.”

But side by side with all this refining process of home duty, there is a belittling process that soon begins to appear. And the home—though jewelled with radiant love—becomes a prison for the intellect. For a prison is a prison still, though garnished with jewels—and bonds are bonds though their links be of love. And thus it comes to pass that this charmed home, pictured by poets and praised by philanthropists, is not free from the narrowing effects of some of the masculine callings or employments that bind the soul in the slavish chains of routine and the prison-house of drudgery.

The routine of necessary domestic duties, with all its boasted beauty, becomes dwarfing to the mind—not because it is a routine of degrading duties, but because it is a routine. It is no disgrace to work worthily in the kitchen, but it is a disgrace to have no thought higher than the kitchen. And yet this is the precise condition toward which some of our busiest and best housewives are tending. The serpent of care gradually

throws its folds about the mind, till, under the pressure of our complex civilization, the mind yields its very life. Because ambition and interest in the great world outside of the precincts of home have been killed by these little cares, many minds stagnate and shrivel into dwarfishness.

We welcome then any reform that shall turn the gaze of our women from this narrow life of home to the great interests of country and humanity. While we would give the first place to the high ministries of charity and religion, we would not despise a due attention to civil science and service as a powerful mode of counteracting the narrowing tendency of daily routine. And this grand outlook toward national and general interests, rather than unfitting the mind for home, will give new power and new zest for home life.

2. Women will elevate the moral tone of politics.

No one will deny that we need some refining influence in our politics. No intelligent man can fail to see, and no candid man fail to confess, that our political arena is fast becoming a very cesspool of slander and sin. The political paper is an American institution, but it is an institution that certainly does not reflect the average American moral sentiment.

This demoralization of the political rostrum and press has become not only an evil, but a nuisance which it is high time to abate. Now, ungrateful as may be the task for our women, we verily believe their influence alone can rescue our politics from this atmosphere of falsehood. We deny that that there is anything degrading in the study of political science and political life. Nothing outside of the grand themes of the pulpit can equal the great science of civil government in inspiring and elevating the human mind. Legitimate political discussion is too pure and lofty and momentous to be dragged down into the realm of ribaldry and vulgarity. Things that are said at many of our political meetings, and in some political newspapers, no gentleman would say in the presence of a company of ladies. And because of this majesty that God has given to woman to awe into silence the prating tongue of ribaldry and profanity, we need the woman to rescue our politics from its degeneration, and, as the priestess of purity, to teach us a more excellent way.

3. But not only can woman improve the politics of our country—in the ordinary sense of the term “politics”—but she is capable of improving the legislation of our country.

We need the womanly element in our legislation. Woman’s high moral sentiment needs to be infused into our laws. The Divine side of humanity, which is brightest and best in woman, is needed in our legislation to save us from atheistical darkness. If there were more of woman’s voting in our legislative halls, there would be less of woman’s wailing in our desolate homes.

4. But Woman’s Suffrage is demanded in the august name of Justice.

The right to be and to do whatever is possible to an immortal mind is a supreme and inalienable right. Who will dare to erect barriers to the progress of a human mind that reaches out after the infinite? Who will dare to say: “Thus far and no farther?”

THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

“Conquer in this!” not unto thee alone
The vision spake, imperial Constantine!
Nor presage only of an earthly throne
Blazed in mid-heaven the consecrated sign.
Through the unmeasured tract of coming time
The mystic Cross doth with soft lustre glow,
And speaks through every age, in every clime,
To every slave of sin and child of woe.

“Conquer in this!”—Strong in thy Saviour’s might,
When bursts the morning of a brighter day,
Rise Christian victor in the glorious fight,
Arise, rejoicing, from thy cell of clay!
The Cross, which led thee scathless thro’ the gloom,
Shall in that hour heaven’s royal banner be;
Thou hast o’ercome the world, the flesh, the tomb;
Triumph in Him who died and rose for thee.

—FLORA HASTINGS.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

Suggested by reading the memorial of Wm. T. Mason, in the April number of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

"FOREVER on His throne,"
Co-heir in Jesu's rest !
Knowing as thou thyself art known,
At home among the blest.

"Yes, we are monarchs now,"
Watchword of endless life !
The light of God impearls thy brow,
Once foremost in the strife.

"He gives the victor's crown !"
Who bought it on the tree,
For thee His precious life laid down,
Has given the victory !

"Forever bless His name,"
By whom the crown is won !
His strength is evermore the same
When mortal strength is gone.

"Our Lord regards His own,"
He guides through Death's dark shade ;—
And he who trusts in Christ alone
Shall never be dismayed.

"They leap not in the dark,
But into glorious day !"
On wings of praise, the vital spark,
Speeds on its shining way.

Te Deum's lofty notes*
Rise into higher song ;
Hark ! how the grander music floats
O'er all the heavenly throng !

* Mr. Mason died soon after singing the *Te Deum*. The amen of that grand anthem of the church militant was to him the key-note of the higher anthem of the church triumphant. Words within signs of quotations are verbal expressions of Mr. Mason on his death-bed.

Earth's harmonies are poor ;
Her music is too low ;
But thou hast gain'd the upper shore,
Sublimest sounds to know.

“AMEN,” to songs of praise !
True songs are spirit-wings
By which we rise to higher lays,
Attuned on perfect strings !

THE FAITHFULNESS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

A Christian cannot think too much of the Saviour's faithfulness, seeing that the steadfastness of His people is connected with the remembrance of His endurance for us. He who endured for us gives us the promise of His grace. Reliance upon His word has in it the power of conquest. He who casts his whole being upon the truth and fidelity of Jesus his Lord exults in a conscious redemption according to Christ's own word. Simple personal credence in the Gospel message brings life and power into the souls of men. New hopes, new desires, new aspirations, new fruits, are the grand results of that life-giving faith. This blessed change springs from positive union with Christ who dwells in all His saints as the inspirer of their hopes, the animator of their desires, the quickener of their aspirations, and the soul of all their labours. New sympathies are also awakened in the breast, and new consolations are revealed. The renewed soul is conscious of the fact that Christ Jesus is ever touched with tenderest love for His own—that He loves His people with an eternal love. This consciousness fills them with joy, even in the tribulations of life ; hence the patience of God's elect—their triumphant experience of Divine power perfected in their weakness, and their jubilant hope which leads them to glory in reproaches for Christ.

Our Saviour who delivers us from the chain of our sins is He who hallows all our spirit's powers. He is our protection against all our enemies, and our helper in all our distresses. He will not leave His own, for He is pledged to their succour, even in

their utter helplessness. He performs in us His good work, sustains us in conflict, covers us in danger, or bears us up as on angel wings, and makes us meet—even through consecrated pains—to see the brightening glory of His face. How often in our fears He comes and looks all our fears away. His favour is the glory of life. In its consciousness our sorrow takes wing and we exult in the peace of God—a peace which, like the resistless waters of the mighty river, sweeps the opposing forces away. How truly blessed are all who, resting upon their Saviour's faithfulness, prove His love and power to save even unto the uttermost. Such have abundant reason to sing in the words of our peerless Christian poet:—

“ To Thy blessed will resigned,
And stayed on that alone,
I Thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own ;
Compassed round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give,
Spread Thy miracles of grace,
And to Thy glory live.”

FULL ASSURANCE.

In 1866 an operator at Valentia sat at the end of the broken cable while search was made for the other end in the depths of the Atlantic. While he was, at midnight, intently watching the delicate magnet disturbed by the influence of the sea, suddenly the tiny spot of light flashed out the words, “God save the Queen.” How many metaphysicians, as great as Stuart Mill, would it take to prove to that operator that this message was not from the other world, mind answering to mind in clear, majestic thought, but that it was a lucky combination of the incoherent pulsations of the sea? Just as many such philosophers will it require to prove to the new-born soul that the “Abba Father,” suddenly resounding in his soul, originates in the depths of his own nature, and that it is not the voice of Him who sitteth on the throne above and sends down assurances of pardon and adoption to penitent believers below.—*Dr. Daniel Steele.*

You can't judge the inside by the outside. As with a watch, so with a man; good works may be hidden in a very common case.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE CRISES OF THE UNION
MOVEMENT.

Upon the Annual Conferences now about to meet rest the gravest responsibilities. Their action shall decide whether the present earnest effort to secure Methodist Union in Canada shall be a success or shall be a failure. Already the Quarterly Meetings throughout the entire Connexion have pronounced by an overwhelming majority—nearly ten to one—in favour of union upon the proposed basis. Will the Conferences block this movement? We sincerely hope that they will not. If they do, on what grounds will they justify their act before the Christian community of this land and of other lands? As one of the most thoughtful minds in our Church has said, "We may feel assured that no plan can be suggested against which some objections will not exist and be strongly urged, especially by men who look on little questions of official precedence as of more moment than a United Methodism." Will such questions of official precedence justify the rejection of this measure? Will the proposed presence of laymen in the Annual Conferences, or the proposed proportion of laymen, or the alleged difficulty of billeting the Conferences justify its rejection? Will any technical objections to the mode in which the overwhelming expression of opinion of the laity of the Church has been ascertained justify its rejection? Yet it seems to us that most of the objections alleged against it fall under one or other of these heads.

And if this basis be rejected, are we likely to have one which will be more acceptable to the contracting parties? If the concessions of the other parties to the basis be rejected are they likely to offer more?—are they likely to offer as much again?

If the present auspicious opportunity be allowed to pass, what ground have we to hope that one more favourable—or as favourable—will ever again occur? Shall we incur the risk of perpetuating for all time in this land a divided Methodism, with its rivalries, its estrangements, its waste of power, when we might consolidate our resources at home and carry augmented strength into mission work abroad? Are the opponents of this measure, however sincere and honest in their convictions, willing to go down to history as having thwarted such a widely and strongly expressed desire for the unification of Candian Methodism? Is there not greater danger in the rejection of the basis than in its acceptance? Will not the operations of our Church be paralyzed and all its interests imperiled by refusal to comply with the solemnly recorded verdict of nearly nine-tenths of its Quarterly Official Boards?

When every Methodist paper in Christendom, so far as we know, and we see the most of them, has strongly commended this movement; and when most of the great secular papers both at home and abroad have expressed their hearty sympathy with it, we shall not, we hope, be condemned for expressing in these pages the intense convictions of our soul. With the light that we have, be it little or much, and with the best thought that we can give to the subject, we record our solemn belief that it would be the greatest disaster which ever befell Methodism in this land if the proposed basis of union should be rejected. Is it not time that the waste of men and money required to keep Canadian Methodists apart should cease?

The gaze of Christendom is upon us. Methodism at the Antipodes is watching our acts in the hope that

we may present an example for imitation in those far-off lands. We may give an impetus to Methodist union in New Zealand, in Tasmania, in Australia, ay, even in Old England herself—the mother of us all—or we may declare that our differences are irreconcilable and so weaken the hands of the friends of union throughout the world.

Even the Conservative old *Methodist Recorder* (London, England) writes thus on the subject:—

“Methodism shares with Presbyterianism the honour of having been the first to carry the new spirit of conciliation and brotherhood into definite practice. The Primitive Wesleyans of Ireland have united with the Irish branch of our own communion, to the immense advantage of all concerned. There has already been a most important amalgamation of Methodist Churches in Canada, and now, there is an actual prospect in that great Dominion of the most important Methodist reunion that the world has yet seen. The various sections of the English and the American Methodist Churches in Canada have provisionally agreed to a scheme of union that will consolidate them all into one mighty Church, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Even the question of the episcopacy has not been found to be an insuperable difficulty. An ingenious and rational compromise has brought Canadian union within the range of practical ecclesiastical policy.”

Are there—in view of the vast interests, extending through all time and through all eternity, which are involved—are there reasons which will justify the disappointment of those expectations abroad, or of the high hopes and ardent prayers of multitudes at home?

The *Recorder* goes on to argue in favour of Methodist union in the motherland and says—“One thing is certain: At present Methodism in small towns, and above all in villages, is most painfully crippled and even paralyzed by the existence of two, or even more, Methodist chapels where only one could really

flourish. It is certain that at a time when superstition and infidelity are making immense efforts Methodism ought to present a united front to both foes and do her utmost to remove any removable cause of internal weakness. Thoughtful Christian men of all the Methodist communions could not give their attention too earnestly or too prayerfully to this momentous subject.” If these words be true of Methodism amid the crowded populations within a narrow area of Great Britain, they apply with ten-fold force to the scattered villages of Old Canada, and with a hundred-fold force to the sparse population of the New Canada of the great North-West.

As an illustration of the estimate which is formed by impartial observers of the objections to union which to some among us appear as insuperable, we quote the following paragraph from the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* of Macon, Georgia—“We have been struck with one fact, viz: the more hotly a few persons among them have contended for the impracticability of union, the smaller have appeared reasons against it. It is possible for parties to a controversy to magnify differences which seem small to disinterested persons at a distance.”

Perhaps after the lapse of a few years, or from the vantage ground of the future life, we may look back with similar surprise to the reasons which are urged to keep the Methodists of Canada apart.

OUR PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

We are happy to announce that at no period since this Magazine was established has it exhibited such progress as during the present year. During the last six months the increase of subscribers has been over six hundred; and this is in addition to a steady increase for several years past. We trust that this rate of increase may continue during the current year and for years to come. We can confidently announce that, for some time to come at least, any profits which may accrue shall be expended in improving the character

and enhancing the value of the Magazine.

The list of contributors for the present year is the strongest, we think, ever announced for any Canadian Magazine. We have had in every case the written promise of these contributors before announcing their names. They embrace such distinguished writers as Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Presidents of Toronto, Victoria, Albert, McGill, Sackville, and Princeton Universities, and Professors of several of these institutions; Drs. Douglas, Jeffers, Williams, Sutherland, Burwash, Burns, Stevenson, Bishop Carman, J. C. Antliff, H. J. Nott, and several others of the foremost writers of the different branches of the Methodist Church in Canada.

Among the features of special interest in the XVIIIth Volume, which begins with the July number, will be two or more papers on "The Last Forty Years, or Canada since the Union of 1841," with numerous handsome full-page illustrations. Several of these will possess unique interest as being engraved from drawings by H. R. H. the PRINCESS LOUISE. They are exquisite engravings of Quebec and its vicinity, and will be accompanied by a fine poem on the ancient capital by the Marquis of Lorne. These pictures and poem will be an admirable *souvenir* of the Governor General and Her Royal Highness who are soon about to take their departure from among us. We confidently expect, also, through the courtesy of the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, to present a series of fine engravings with descriptive letter-press, illustrative of the picturesque features of its principal provinces, and especially of the great North-West to which attention is being so conspicuously directed. Several other illustrated articles of much interest will be given as "THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND," "AT HOME IN FIJI," "ITALIAN PICTURES," etc., and six concluding papers by Stanley on "THE DARK CONTINENT." Also papers of fresh and living interest, which we cannot now enumerate. We ask our patrons,

especially the ministers, who are authorized agents for the Magazine, to continue the kind co-operation so generously given in the past, so as to still further extend, with the new volume, the circulation of the Magazine. We want *six hundred* new subscribers to take a "trial trip" for six months for One Dollar—in the confident anticipation that those who do so will become permanent patrons of the Magazine.

Never before have we received so many letters of kind congratulation, from every province in the Dominion, and from Japan, from Great Britain, from many States of the neighbouring Union, on the growing interest and value of the MAGAZINE. The following extract from a letter just received from Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, is one example of many similar kind greetings: "I am proud to see our own CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE not only retaining the vigour and polish of its early days, but improving with its maturer years. It is a welcome guest in our Western home."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We have pleasure in giving a place on another page to President Jaques' thoughtful paper on the important question of Woman Suffrage, whether we may all agree with him or not. This is one of the questions that will not down. Already Woman Suffrage to a certain extent, and under certain circumstances, obtains in Great Britain and in the United States. The late Bishop Gilbert Haven used, half jocularly, to remark that he expected to see some time a woman President of the United States—"Yes, and a black woman at that." While we might be disposed to draw the line of woman's emancipation a good deal short of that, yet even that ought not greatly to shock the subjects of a Queen who rules over the mightiest Empire the world ever saw, and is the Sovereign of one fourth of the population of the globe. The Franchise Bill now before the Dominion Parliament, provides for granting the suffrage in quite an extensive degree to women. Any

modification of that Bill is sure to be in the direction of the further extension of the right of woman suffrage. "The movement in England," says a well-informed writer, "has the support of many able men and women, who talk anything but cant on the subject. At a recent public meeting in York, in support of the claims of women to the Parliamentary franchise, Alderman Sir James Meek presided, and letters of sympathy were read from the Viscountess Haberton, Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the Postmaster-General, Mrs. Clark, daughter of John Bright, Miss Jane Cobden, daughter of the late Richard Cobden, and Mr. Ralph Creyke, M.P. The Rev. F. Lawrence, Vicar of Westow, in his speech, characterized the present exclusion of women from the franchise as 'a relic of by-gone barbarism.'" These facts are harbingers of the time when woman shall make her influence much more directly felt in the great moral and educational movements of the day. When woman has the vote, we believe that licensed liquor-selling, and legalized vice of a darker dye, shall receive their death-blow.

OUR PREMIUM.

We regret that some of our friends have been disappointed through the delay in receiving the MAGAZINE Premium, "The Lives of John and Charles Wesley," which they had ordered. The cause for the delay is this: No premium that we offered has ever been so well received. The demand for it has been quite unprecedented, fully three times that for any previous premium. We have, therefore, had to issue no less than *four* distinct editions. As this is a bulky book, of nearly six hundred pages, it takes a good deal of time to print and bind. Hence the delay in supplying the later orders received. We trust that our friends will have patience a little longer, and they will receive this handsome premium as soon as the books come from the binder's hands. It is, we think, the cheapest book ever offered in Canada. It contains as much reading as 800 pages of this MAGAZINE, handsomely bound, with steel portrait of John Wesley, for 40 cents. The postage alone costs us 8 cents.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Rev. Dr. Rice, President of the General Conference has been busily employed in visiting the churches on behalf of the Educational Fund. He has travelled extensively.

The Rev. Dr. Young, Superintendent of Missions in the North West writes from Qu' Appelle under date of April 17. He has been at Moose Jaw and Regina. He states that the settlements are extending most rapidly. Mr. Bridgman has planted a mission at the old Fort at Qu' Appelle, and at Broadview, with encouraging prospects.

The Transfer Committees, East and West, have held their annual sessions. Three brethren have been transferred from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, seven from Newfoundland, all for the North-West; one from Nova Scotia to Toronto, and another from the same Conference to Montreal, and one from Newfoundland to Montreal; one has been transferred from Toronto to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Four have been transferred from London to the North-West, and two to Toronto; one from Toronto to London, and two from Toronto to Montreal, and three from Montreal to the North-West.

Union revival services continue to be held with good results in several circuits. The most recent of which we have heard was at Dresden, where 70 persons are reported to have stood up for prayer, and at Sterling where 115 conversions are reported.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has just purchased for its Japanese University about twenty-five acres of land situated in the western suburbs of Tokio, near the palace grounds, where the Emperor at present resides. Assurances have been given to the American missionaries by the Emperor of Japan that he will protect them in their missionary labours and will tolerate the Christian religion.

The Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been held. The address of Bishop Carman at each Conference dwells largely on the Union question, to which he frankly admits that he was opposed until the last General Conference. He thinks now that everything seems to indicate that the union of the Methodist Churches will be accomplished. The Primitive Methodist is appointed to meet this month (May) to make final arrangements for the first General Conference of the United Church.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Since our last issue the Rev. J. C. Warren, a superannuated minister in the Montreal Conference, has been called to his reward, for which he had long been waiting at his residence in Lansdowne.

The Rev. W. Creighton, also a superannuated minister in Montreal Conference, has joined the "multitude who have washed their robes." He entered the ministry in 1850, but a few years ago he was laid aside by illness from "the active work," and now he has changed mortality for life.

The Rev. James J. A. Lever, of London Conference, has been called to his reward while performing the duties of the active ministry. His

ministerial career extended over twenty years.

The Rev. G. W. Patchell of the Australian Conference, brother of the Rev. T. W. Patchell of the London Conference, has also finished his work on earth. He died in the Conference-room while business was progressing. He had just taken part in an important debate, and in a few moments was dead. For several years he was editor of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, and was highly esteemed as a minister of great ability.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY CONVOCA- TION, 1883.

On Sunday May 13th, the religious services in connection with this grand event were held in the Methodist Church, Cobourg. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers. The members of the Theological Union met at the Jackson Hall, and walked in procession to the church. The Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., was the preacher, and took for his text Matt. 12th ch. 33rd v. "The tree is known by his fruit." The sermon was characteristic of the preacher and produced a good impression. As it will be published we hope our readers will buy it and read it for themselves.

In the afternoon a meeting for Christian fellowship and re-union was held in Jackson Hall, which was a season of spiritual refreshing.

In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Burns, President of the Ladies' College, Hamilton, preached the Baccalaureate sermon, taking for his text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Ecc. 9: 10. It was just such a sermon as might be expected from the energetic preacher, and well suited for the occasion. The graduating class, twenty in number, were then addressed by President Nelles in an appropriate manner. One remarkable coincidence was that this was the thirtieth class of graduates which he had addressed. The first only contained three members, but of the three, one was the father of a member of the present class. This fact

deeply affected him, and he earnestly besought them that whatever profession they might follow to be sure and follow Christ. The most gracious influence pervaded the assembly, and not a few cheeks were bedewed with tears.

On Monday afternoon the Rev. James Graham delivered a lecture on "Sin and Grace in their relation to God's Moral Government of Man." The lecture was an able exposition of the difficult subject, but, as it will be published, we forbear to make further reference to it.

In the evening the closing meeting of the Literary Society was held which was an enjoyable season.

On Tuesday evening the Alumni meeting was held. Jas. Mills, M.A., Esq. delivered a practical address which was the subject of a prolonged conversation. All were delighted with the present state and future prospects of the University. At no period of its history was there such cause for congratulation. About two-thirds of the required amount has been secured for the Ryerson Chair of Moral Philosophy, and further sums are confidently anticipated.

On Wednesday afternoon, the lecture-room of Faraday Hall was filled to hear a lecture from the Rev. Jas. Allen, M.A., which was a chaste, practical thesis, well adapted to please and profit. Principal Hare, of Ontario Ladies' College, presided.

Thursday was the crowning day of the week. Happily the weather was extremely propitious. The Convocation for conferring degrees was held in Victoria Hall, which was crowded. The occasion was an inspiring one. All the professors and graduates wore academic costume, and fair ladies lent grace to the occasion.

After prayer, by Professor Shaw, the Valedictory Oration was delivered by Mr. D. E. Hossack, who took for his theme John Milton. It was a magnificent effort. The degree of B.A. was conferred on twenty-two young gentlemen. The Rev. J. McLean is included, who is labouring in the missionary field near the Rocky Mountains. Mr. S. T. Hopper won the Prince of Wales' Gold Medal.

One received the degree of B.Sc., and one—Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A.—received that of B.D. Two received LL.B., and six M.A. Nineteen from the Toronto School of Medicine received M.D. and C.M., one of whom was a lady, and forty-one, from the Montreal School of Medicine, received the degree of M.D.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. Geo. Douglas, LL.D., the eloquent President of the Wesleyan College, Montreal. The Rev. G. M. Meacham, Missionary in Japan, the Rev. F. Greeves, Wesleyan Minister, London, England, and Dr. Thos. E. D. D'Orsonnens received the degree of LL.D.

Able addresses were delivered by President Nelles, Dr. Aikins, President of Toronto School of Medicine, Dr. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, the Rev. S. J. Hunter, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., who delivered a most eloquent address, in which he expressed the joy which he felt in visiting his Alma Mater, and congratulated the friends of the University on the auspicious state of its affairs. He entertained great hopes concerning its future prosperity, and hoped to see the day when the staff of Professors would be largely increased and the annual income amount to \$30,000. The closing remarks of Mr. Johnston, which were addressed to the graduates, were of the most thrilling character, and doubtless inspired them with noble resolutions for the future.

A feature of special interest was the conferring of the degree of M.D. and C.M. on a lady, Miss Stowe. The announcement of her name was greeted with rounds of applause. Dr. Ogden, Dean of the Toronto School of Medicine, assured the audience that the lady had honourably won her degree, and he further stated, that during all the years she had been prosecuting her studies, there had not been the least trouble by reason of her presence. He rejoiced in the fact that Victoria University was the first seat of learning which had granted such a degree to a lady. The Convocation has been one of the most successful ever held.

BOOK NOTICES.

Sinai and Palestine, in Connection with their History. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., F.R.S., New edition, with maps and plans. 8vo, pp. 641. New York : A. C. Armstrong & Son, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," and Stanley's "Eastern Churches," we regard as the great Dean's greatest works. The new edition of the former, now before us, is the latest work of its lamented author. In it he has made several additions and corrections, and has furnished a number of maps, coloured to represent the natural appearance of the country, and other illustrations. This book has long been a favourite with Bible students, and in its present form must be accepted as the most valuable work on the subject in the English language. At the same time it bears the impress of Dean Stanley's accurate scholarship and fine literary taste. We consider this book simply indispensable to the comprehension of the sacred history of the lands to which it relates. It is not merely the record of the Dean's personal investigations, although in his two visits—the latter in company with the Prince of Wales—he enjoyed special facilities for investigation. To his attendance upon His Royal Highness he owed the privilege of visiting the famous Mosque of Hebron, one of the most sacred places of the Mahometan world, containing the Cave of Machpelah—the last resting place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—a privilege never before accorded to any Christian. The greater part of the volume is devoted to a minute investigation, by the aid of every extant authority, of the topography, physical conformation and constitution of these old Bible Lands, as illustrating their sacred history. On every page his wide learning is apparent. A thousand pertinent

allusions or comparisons illuminate the subject with a grace all his own. The mechanical appearance of the book is every way worthy of its intrinsic merit.

Letters to a Friend. By CONNOP THIRLWALL, late Lord Bishop of St. David's. Edited by the Very Rev. DEAN STANLEY. Pp. xxiv. 399. Boston : Roberts Brothers. Toronto : Willing & Williamson. Price, \$1.50.

This is a book of remarkable interest. It is the familiar talk of an Anglican Bishop in his hours of ease. The letters cover a period of eleven years, 1864-1874 and are the unrestrained outpourings of a full mind on literature, poetry, art, music, religion, politics, the last joke in *Punch*, the last striking magazine article, the latest novels—English, French, German, Italian, and Dutch—*et hoc genus omne*. The Bishop was an enthusiastic Welshman, a staunch liberal, a profound scholar, a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, and author of the best history of Greece till it was superseded by that of the schoolmate and friend, George Grote. He was a perfect polyglot, and during his last days in illness and blindness translated a beautiful apologue on Sleep the Brother of Death into seven different languages. The Bishop was a good diner out and met every body worth knowing—wits, poets, artists, statesmen—and gossips garulously about them all with his cultured young lady correspondent among the mountains of Wales. He was often a guest at Windsor Castle, and recounts the Queen's interest in the Welsh language and literature. When unable to attend service she asked the Bishop for the MS. of his sermon for private reading. He tells all about his pet cats, tame geese, peacocks, etc.; and rails constantly at the weather, which seems an important

social topic in England. Happy is the country where the weather is scarce ever mentioned in letters. The impression we give is that a Bishop without his robes is not such an awful being after all. The introduction and memorial tribute by Dean Stanley are in his best vein. "These letters," he says, "disclose the kindly, genial heart, which lay beneath that massive intellect; they exhibit the playful affection for the tame creatures which formed almost part of his household; they show the immense range of his acquaintance with the lighter as well as the graver forms of literature; they reveal also some of his innermost thoughts and feelings on the great moral and religious questions of all time." In one common grave, and covered by a single slab, in that mausoleum of England's mighty dead, Westminster Abbey, sleeps the dust of the two illustrious scholars and friends, Connop Thirlwall and George Grote.

The Life of Gilbert Haven, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By GEORGE PRENTICE, D.D. Pp. 526. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.00.

Bishop Haven was a man of strongly marked individuality — of great and heroic qualities — of bold and impulsive character, and of the occasional faults of over haste in thought and speech which generally accompany such a character. Canadian readers had ground for offence at some of his petulant utterances at England during the Secession war; but we should remember the tension of public feeling at the time, and the impulsive out-spoken character of the man. He was a man of the most intense and positive convictions, and certainly no one ever had "the courage of his convictions" more conspicuously than he. He was probably the most radical bishop that ever lived. But his great heart was always right, and even his radicalism was only an anticipation of not a few things which are now sober facts. Even as a school boy he was the champion of the slave, and till the "sum or all villainies"

was banished from his country, he was a "red hot" abolitionist.

Professor Prentice has given us an admirable portraiture of the man, as student, as teacher, preacher, army chaplain, tourist, reformer, editor and author, and especially as an active and energetic bishop. As an editor his was a brilliant success. His discussions of such questions as American caste and colour-phobia, co-education, woman's rights, prohibition, trinitarian orthodoxy as opposed to unitarian heresy, were keen as a Damascus blade. One of the noblest traits of Bishop Haven's character was his championship of the rights of the coloured man — especially of the freedman after the war; and one of his latest utterances on his dying bed was, "Stand by the coloured man when I am gone." That death bed was a singularly triumphant one. "I see no dark river," he said, "there is no death;" and to his aged mother he said, "Your boys will give you a grand welcome to heaven when you arrive."

His was a strangely magnetic nature that grappled friends to his soul with hooks of steel. Few men ever had so many, or such warm friends. The chapter in this book on "Mary in Heaven," is one of the most touching we ever read. His love was the ennobling passion of a great strong soul. For a score of years he kept the day of her death and of their marriage as sacred anniversaries of the heart. Few lives — for their intrinsic nobleness, and for the many and great subjects to which they are related — are so worthy of study as that of Gilbert Haven.

Lectures and Addresses by the Rev. Thomas Guard, D.D., with a Memorial Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Compiled by WILL J. GUARD, 12mo., pp. 370. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.25

Thomas Guard was one of a galaxy of brilliant stars given by Ireland to the firmament of American thought and speech. American and Canadian Methodism are especially

indebted to the Irish Methodist Church for a vast number of both preachers and members. Dr. Guard's ministerial life was spent in three continents—in Europe, Africa and America, and in all three he delighted by his chaste Christian eloquence large assembles of people. In America, especially in the great centres of intelligence from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his brilliant talents were recognized. Many in Canada who remember the thin, meagre man, who beginning with nervous hesitation rose into a power of eloquence seldom equalled, will welcome this reproduction in print of the words which so thrilled their hearts when spoken. They have the same clear-cut diction and classic purity of style. The range of these lectures is very wide. Some of the most striking are : Wesley and his Helpers, Savonarola, St. Patrick, Emerson, Darwin, and Longfellow, and one given under the auspices of the Boston Monday Lectureship on the Activities of the Age and the Bible.

Dr. Talmage's memorial sermon is the generous tribute of a man of consecrated genius to a kindred spirit.

Old Times in the Colonies. By CHAS. CARLETON COFFIN. 8vo., pp. 460, illustrated. New York : Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$3.50.

The present volume is of no less interest to Canadian than to American readers. Indeed a great part of it is devoted to the early history of our own country ; and in the founding of Empire in Virginia, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, every British subject has a deep and abiding interest. Of course Parkman's eight stately volumes contain the best and fullest account of the old French regime in Canada : but next to them we know nothing more attractive and interesting than this book, and we have personally read and written much on this subject. Mr. Coffin's narrative is not a dry record of bare facts. He shows the causes, the meaning, the rela-

tionship of those facts. He traces the beginnings of history on this continent to their fountain heads in the Old World. The great theme of the book—the thought that gives unity to its many stirring scenes and episodes—is the great conflict between England and France for the possession of the continent—a conflict between two races, two languages, two religions, and two distinct civilizations—a conflict which lasted for two long centuries, but which was ended in fifteen decisive minutes on the Plains of Abraham.

The book is sumptuously illustrated by maps, portraits and engravings from the unrivalled resources of the great house by which it is issued, including many scenes in Canada and Old and New England—nearly three hundred in all.

A Book About Roses: How to Grow and Show Them. By S. REYNOLDS HOLE. Pp. 324. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price, \$1.

Who loves not the rose, the queen of flowers, the emblem of England ? For beauty, for fragrance, for sweet suggestiveness none will with it compare. If one would know all about roses, "how to grow them and show them," let him procure this book, the merit of which is shown by the fact that it has reached a seventh edition. The author is an enthusiast and writes of his roses as a lover of his mistress. One cannot read many pages without catching his enthusiasm. The moral ministry of roses is not the least of their virtues : "I'll tell you how I managed to buy 'em" said a working man, "by keeping away from beer-shops." That such is the frequent effect of a love of roses is shown by the flower shows and prizes for the poor inaugurated by the good Earl of Shaftesbury. They are often like a glimpse of Eden amid the squalid homes of the poor or by the beds of the sick. The author gives lists of new and selected roses, and the book is free from any taint of shop, for he has none to sell himself.

God's Timepiece for Man's Eternity: Its Purpose of Love and Mercy; Its Plenary Infallible Inspiration; and its Personal Experiment of Forgiveness and Eternal Life in Christ. By the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., 12mo, pp. xxxiv. 44s. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Dr. Cheever is best known to Canadian readers by his admirable "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress." After long silence he again appears in print and gives us his matured thought upon a very important subject. In the present volume he flings down the gage of battle to every rationalizing interpreter of God's revaluation of His will to man. He yields not a jot to the destructive criticism of Kuenon, Robertson Smith, Dr. Newton, or any others of their class. He proclaims "the infallible, unalterable inspiration and certainty, incapable of diminution," of the Bible; and appeals to its demonstration in our own soul's experience and to its fruits in our daily life—the faith it inspires and produces working by love, purifying the heart, and overcoming the world. We believe that this is the ultimate appeal which even the caviller and skeptic cannot gainsay. "If any man will do His will," said Christ, "he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Our author likens the Bible to a watch, of which Christ is the main-spring, and of which the minutest parts are essential to the whole. "It cannot be supposed," he says, "that God would leave His attributes at the mercy of human beings to be described in language or style of their own choice or invention. Therefore, *pasa graphe theopneustos*—all Scripture is inspired of God, is God-breathed, for man's eternal salvation, and is infallible through Jesus Christ."

Such is the scope and argument of the book, and it is sustained by much reasoning with regard to the solemn eschatological words of Scripture, which stand for death, the grave, and the world to come. He

asserts that later classical meanings have been too largely conferred upon primary Hebrew words, or as he expresses it, "the droppings of Homer's genius have become stalactites to hold up the mythological caves of Pluto;" whereas, the rather, he contends, Hebrew thought carried the heavenly light and teaching into the Greek mind.

We think Dr. Cheever on the whole, too much of a literalist, and in his exposition too rhetorical in style for accurate definition. But his book, by its grand confidence, is very inspiring, and even his literalism is infinitely preferable to that reckless criticism which eviscerates the Word of Life.

The Prayers of the Bible: Showing How to Pray, What to Pray For, and How God Answers Prayer. Compiled by PHILIP WATTERS. 8vo., pp. 334. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.00.

Prayer is a very important part of public worship, and is the vital breath of personal piety. Yet often the infinite possibilities of prayer which might "lift the Church to heights of usefulness and power hitherto unknown," are only inadequately realized. The compiler has given us in this volume, as the title pages expresses it, "a careful and exhaustive analysis of the prayers of the Old and New Testaments, and of all passages relating to prayer, in which the duty, conditions, grounds, times, places, encouragements, and advantages of prayer are systematically presented." The whole is topically grouped and thoroughly indexed. By the study of the subject thus facilitated, our prayers may become more Scriptural, more spiritual, more acceptable to God, and more profitable to ourselves than they often are.

Through pressure of other duties we have been unable to finish the review of Brace's *Gesta Christi* which we began in last number. We will complete it as soon as possible.